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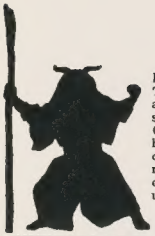

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EDITORIAL

READ THIS

Dear Reader,

Get up off that floor and stop gnashing your teeth. Don't chew that carpet—it probably has more zirconium than a can of Right Guard, and that's no good for your diet. Stop typing that nasty letter to us and listen.

You've probably discovered that there's something different about this magazine, something that may well have left a void in your life. But that's no reason to be wandering comatose about your house, bouncing off walls and singing "Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true."

First of all—for you readers and subscribers of FIGHTING STARS—we didn't put the right cover on the wrong magazine. And for you readers and subscribers of THE FIGHTERS, we aren't forcing a new magazine on you.

What we *have* done is join the two magazines into one publication, retaining the FIGHTING STARS masthead. We'll be concerning ourselves more with the luminaries of all the fighting arts—boxing, wrestling, judo, kung-fu and karate—but we'll retain a section on the entertainment world that will keep you updated on martial arts films, entertainers in the arts and Bruce Lee himself.

There's a good reason for this. According to readers' surveys, the change was called for. The vast majority of our readers wanted more widespread coverage of the fighting arts. Now don't go picturing us as a bunch of Daddy Warbucks types. A quick look at the staff listings will show you that our publisher's name is not General Bullmoose or Alfried Krupp. We have never repossessed a reader's contact lenses for failing to renew a subscription. Nor have we ever sold nuclear weapons to a Third-World nation.

The cry for change got so bad that the art director thought he saw a buzzard perched atop his layout table one morning. He had probably sprinkled a little too much nutmeg on his rice cakes the night before, but the import of the vision was clear enough. If a change wasn't made soon, we'd all be on our knees in the conference room, casting lots for the remaining photos of Bruce Lee in his *Game of Death* jumpsuit.

So the bold move was made and, given a chance, it should be pleasing to the readers of both magazines. We can boast of being the only publication on the stands which offers such wide coverage of the fighting arts—in their sporting, self defense and entertainment aspects. The articles and departments will be geared not only to make for good reading, but to be informative as well.

The columnists in particular bear mention. Bud Furillo, a former sports editor for the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner,* brings his wit and wisdom of the boxing world to "Steam Room." Jack Murray, a former player and certified official, is unmatched in his knowledge of the judo world. Mysteries and uncertainties about the AAU are cleared up by Jon Evans, a high-ranked member of that organization, and Jerry Smith's "Follow Through" allows you to share the practical fighting know-how of that highly regarded sensei, with the emphasis on full-contact competition.

So there you have it, folks—the all new FIGHTING STARS magazine. We hope you find it more than a few notches above the decorative bottom of the average bird cage. In fact, we think you'll be enthusiastic once you get into it.

John Scura

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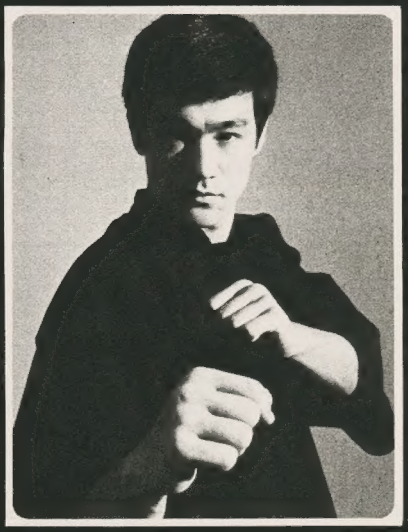

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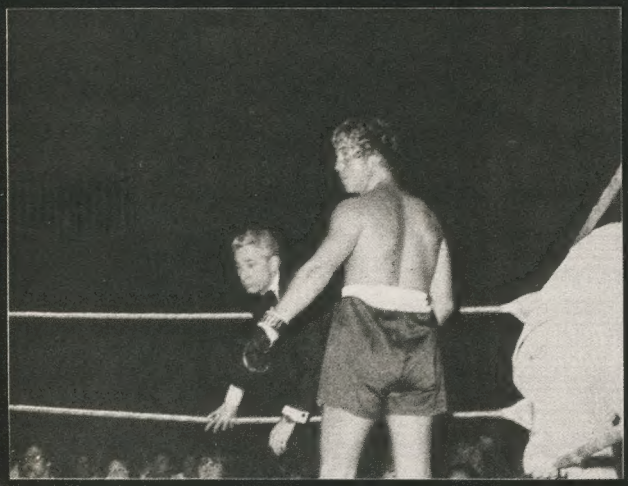

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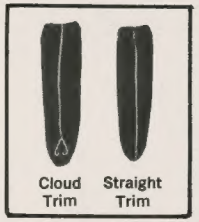

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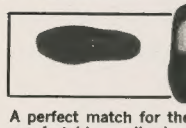

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REACTION

★I found the October, '75 editorial on the demise of the martial arts film most illogical. FS chronicles and has chronicled martial arts film productions continually. Yet, the editorial ignores this fact.

Martial arts films are not dying, but merely assuming new directions. Martial arts films have not failed to turn over a profit, as suggested by Mr. Scura in the editorial. Nearly every film produced in Hong Kong involving the martial arts has been an immense fiscal success. The bulk of films released in this vein have made it to *Variety's* top 50 list, meaning that they probably went beyond the 2.7 times over production cost to be considered money-makers. In fact, they have usually been successful in the East already, making their American run all in the profit range. Many martial arts films are among the most successful in history!

However, no one can deny that the production of these films has slowed. Of late, the Golden Harvest product has fallen off sharply, for instance. Golden Harvest has not had a major film release to the West in months, prompting *Film and Filming* magazine to say that "the well is dry."

But I still don't think the facts support your contention in the editorial. Martial arts films should not be left to wither on the vine of success, but should be continually cultivated. Negativism in the chronicle of fighting filmdom is definitely not a help.

Bruce Branigan
Smithtown, N.Y.

★In reply to the coverage of the 1974 Pan-American Judo Championships which were held in Panama City ("U.S. Judo Team Sparkles in Panama Games," THE FIGHTERS, April, 1975), we would like to draw your attention to certain erroneous and misleading statements.

In the article, it was stated that "Burris defeated Erdman in the past." We would like to set the record straight by telling you that Burris has never competed against Erdman. Furthermore we realize that THE FIGHTERS is an American-produced magazine promoting American competitors, but facts should precede fantasy.

Concerning the rest of the statement that "he (Burris) felt he could have taken him (Erdman) again if he had had the chance," we can only go by the results of the tournament – Burris received a bronze medal while Erdman won the gold medal. If this is not convincing enough, we shall wait to repeat the results in the Pan-American Games to be held in Mexico City later this year.

Rainer Fisher
Wayne Erdman
Brad Farrow
Montreal, Canada

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★While I was surprised and impressed by your story in THE FIGHTERS about Marion Bermudez' boxing debut, I hope she chooses not to enter the ring again. It is not that I am especially opposed to women as boxers. As a physical fitness devotee, I am simply not enthusiastic about boxing as a sport for men or for women. To supplement her karate training, Ms. Bermudez could choose among several combative sports that would appear to offer more than boxing.

The merits of boxing notwithstanding, Miss Bermudez proved she has plenty of courage. Most young men are much too timid to compete in a formal boxing match. It was marvelously brave for Ms. Bermudez to put on those padded gloves and climb through the ropes to face a male opponent who, in keeping with the rules and general objectives of the game, would be doing his level best to knock her unconscious. Had she lost, she would have been entitled to just as much respect and praise as she has received for winning.

Karl Blair
Seattle, WA

★Bud Furillo's steam room must rest between his ears if his Foreman-Ali article was any evidence of his mental condition. Ali won by default? If that's so, then Foreman beat Frazier and Norton by default: "They just got tired and fell down." Hit anyone dead on the chin and you'll be amazed how tired they will become. Foreman is the world's premier powerhitter, Bud is right, but George's "fatigue" was caused by the same punches that turned his face to lumps and that should be clear to anyone but a mental cataleptic - or to Bud Furillo.

P.S. – Your magazine is generally great. Keep up the fine, fine work.

Donn-Wayne Bridges
La Puenta, CA

I am writing this letter mainly because I am dying of curiosity after reading your August issue of FIGHTING STARS. Who have they cast to play the part of Bruce Lee in the film, *Bruce Lee, His Life and Legend*?

I am glad to hear they tested both Al Dacascos and Eric Lee for the part. I have seen both of these martial artists perform, and I feel that they have the same dedication to their arts that the master had to his own art of jeet kune do. Either of them could really do justice to the part.

Also, can you tell me if the woman who is seated behind Linda Lee and Robert Clouse in the photo on page 29 of your August issue is Malia Dacascos?

Luisa Montano
Denver, CO

At deadline time, the powers that be had not yet made a decision on who will star in Bruce Lee, His Life and Legend. *Once they do, you can be sure that we'll*

(Continued on Page 68)

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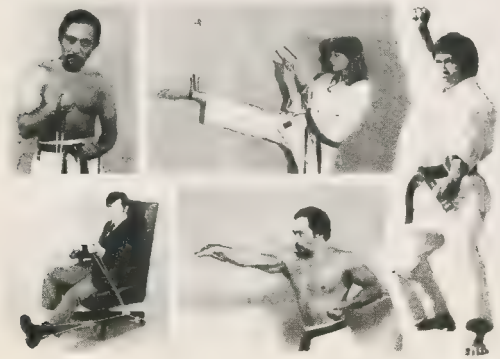

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Matwork and mix-ups in Dallas

Photos by Jack Murray

In spite of official blunders, high school judo players competed at full bore, as is evident in the throw on the opposite page. A break in the action lent itself to a convincing demonstration by rokyudan Vince Tamura of Dallas. Here, Vince hurls sandan Keith Roberts (top left). The battle for first place in the 180-pound class was one of the highlights. Mark DiStasio, the eventual winner, is seen grappling with Mike Buchanan (left).

The '75 High School Nationals pointed up what's wrong with American judo

by Jack Murray

Dallas, Texas was the site of the 1975 National High School Judo Championships and though there was almost unanimous agreement that it was one of the best run nationals ever, many of the same problems that plague American judo at the senior level were apparent here.

First, and most critical, was the officiating. Once again the high school nationals and the girls gave a good showing for national class referees and it was obvious that many of those taking the test were not ready for it. However, some of the worst calls came from longtime certified, high ranking judoka, who are supposedly the cream of the crop. The disparity of refereeing levels across the country came to light as judges on one mat were allowing things that garnered penalties on others. On several occasions, referees and judges chose to talk things over in Japanese, leaving other officials and contestants totally in the dark as to what was being discussed. In one case a judge discussed a point with a tournament official off the mat in Japanese, while the referee stood in total bewilderment as to what was going on.

Ironically, one of the worst offenders was a seventh dan

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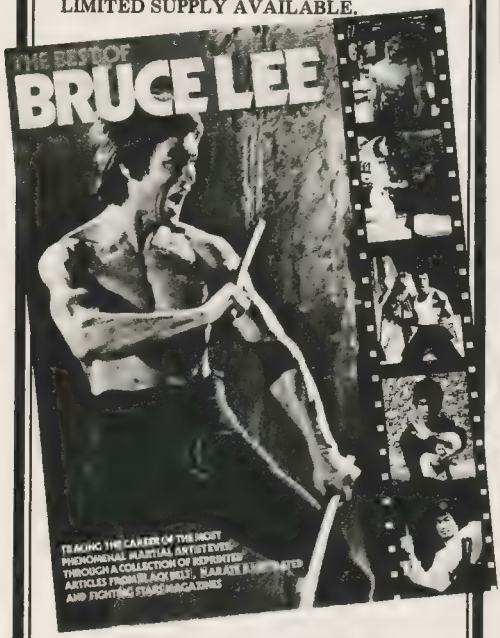

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and one of the leaders in judo at the national level, which gives you a good idea of what's wrong with American judo.

There was obviously a sincere effort on the part of the host Texas Yudanshaki to make the players feel at ease. But the attitude of national level officials continues to detract from major tournaments. Fortunately, the competitors were able to make a good tournament out of a bad political scene and the overall level of play was excellent.

The 243 entries in the tournament, considerably smaller than last year's tournament in Chicago, was attributed to a combination of causes. First, there was the matter of changing rank requirements. Previously it was sankyu or third degree brown belt. This year it was raised to nikyu or second degree brown. This not only eliminated a lot of competitors because of rank, but it discouraged a lot of USJA players from entering at all for fear of traveling all the way to Texas and being told their rank was not valid. John Havlir had guaranteed USJA secretary Rick Mertens that this would not occur. Also, for the first time the age requirement was raised from fourteen to fifteen.

An unusual number of injuries occurred during the tournament. Most of them were arm or elbow injuries from arm bars. In no other form of competition in this country are arm bars allowed for players under sixteen. Indeed, in the Junior Olympics they are not even allowed under 18, yet for one big tournament a year we allow 15-year-olds, who have no tournament experience with arm bars to use them and have them used on them. Dr. John Allen, the tournament doctor, said he was going to write a letter of protest to AAU and USJF officials.

For the first time, women were allowed to compete in the High School Nationals and the girls gave a good showing for themselves, the only problem being that they lacked numbers. Faye Allen, national women's judo chairperson, had good words for the competition: "This is a good beginning. It'll grow if it's given a fair chance. I think it is especially important that they keep men's and women's competition together, both at the high school and senior level. If they ever separate them it will kill the growth of the women's programs. Coaches just can't afford to make that many trips and we wouldn't have enough qualified officials to run good competition."

George Wilson, the national high school chairperson, remarked that the boys' program had only 81 contestants when it started eight years ago, and he thought that the 43 girls involved in this year's contest was a very good start. "Our society has found a need to compete and this fulfills a lot of that need," said Wilson.

It was interesting to note that some of the same names that had placed in women's senior competition showed up again in the high schools. Duplicate winners included Lynne Lewis of New England, a gold medalist in both the senior 110-pound class and the high school 115-pound class; Michele Palaccio, a bronze medalist in the senior 120-pound class, was a gold medalist in the high school 125-pound class; Darlene Hill, a silver medalist in the seniors, was a fifth place finisher in the high schools 135-pound class; Diana Hironaga, a bronze medalist in the seniors was a fourth place finisher in the high schools; Amy Kublin, a silver medalist in both the seniors and the high schools; and Margaret Thornton, a bronze medalist in the seniors was a gold medalist in high school play. All in all it was a sign that the state of American women's judo is indeed healthy and shows every indication of staying that way for a

The girls showed their mettle in Dallas as well this year. Margaret Thornton throws Corrine Kennison in their bout for the women's overall title (above).

long time to come. If women's judo makes it to the 1980 Olympics we have a strong cadre of youngsters getting ready for it.

One of the most obvious discrepancies is the rank of the female competitors compared to that of the men. If rank is given out equally to men and women, it's obvious some are considered more equal than others. Almost 40 percent of the boys competing were shodan or better, while the vast majority of girls were still brown belts. Even the grand national champion in the girls' competition is still wearing a brown belt, while fifth place finishers in the boys' were given *batsugan* promotions to shodan.

Results:

OVERALL CHAMPIONS: MEN - Oren Blaisdell. WOMEN – Pam Adams. BOYS UNLIMITED: James Hanes, 1st; Mark Nicolini, 2nd; Shawn Gibbons, 3rd. 200 POUNDS: Leo White, Sam Lathrop, Jeffrey Driver. 180 POUNDS: Mark DiStasio, Mike Buchanan, Richard Morris. 165 POUNDS: Oren Blaisdell, Brian Jarantow, James Namiki. 150 POUNDS: Steve Nakai, Robert Hisaoka, Richard Russo. 135 POUNDS: Michael Matsuoka, Lindy Hands, Michael Masterson. 125 POUNDS: Hector Rivera, Gregory Halpern, Herbert Kaichi. 115 POUNDS & UNDER: Alan Nakamura, Karl Rodriguez, Mitchell Taguchi. GIRLS 165 POUNDS & OVER: Corinne Kenison. 150 POUNDS: Margaret Thornton, Amy Kublin. 135 POUNDS: Pam Adams, Rhonda Geckler, Martha McGuire. 125 POUNDS: Michelle Palaccio, Sheryl Armstrong, Delores Brodie. 115 POUNDS: Lynne Lewis, Karen Doran, Floria Zaparelis. 105 POUNDS: Helen Yharra, Miki Takemori, Robin Takemori.

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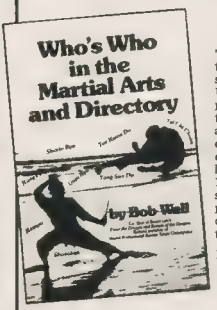

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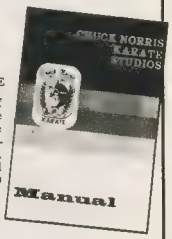

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by Jack Murray

Rumors persist that Wey Sing Kim will succeed Dr. Eichi Koiwai as president of the USJF. Insiders say that after Kim takes over the USJA will refer to the Koiwai regime as "the good old days." Kim rules the Korean bloc with an iron fist.

* * *

George Wilson, chairperson of the USJF High School Program, urged all Yudanshaki presidents to start a letter writing campaign to oust AAU's Jim Stevens. Stevens, who has done a remarkable job, is in a completely untenable position. As long as the current AAU/USJF agreement holds up he cannot correct many of the problems in American judo. And so long as he seems favorable to breaking that agreement, powers in USJF will be after his scalp. Damned if you do, damned if you don't.

* * *

No jokes please about students taking flying lessons instead of judo lessons. Thomas A. (Doug) Coyle, judo instructor from Denton, Texas, was recently honored as "Flight Instructor of the Year, for 1974" by the Southwest Region of the Federal Aviation Administration. The 26-year-old Coyle, a 1970 graduate of North Texas State University, is chief flight instructor for Denton Piper Sales and has trained more than 175 students for private, commercial, flight instructor and airline pilot certificates and for instrument and multi engine ratings. In winning the regional award, Coyle competed against winners in each of the other District II offices, including Arkansas, Louisiana, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Texas. He is now eligible for the national title.

* * *

Controversial British National coach Geoff Gleeson has had his contract renewed despite efforts by some of the British Olympic Team members to have him sacked.

* * *

A proposed North American Judo Federation with USA, Canada and Mexico membership seems a very slight possibility at this time. This means the U.S. will stay in the Pan American Judo Union even though they have less and less power and get less and less respect.

* * *

PERSPECTIVE: Too many times problems in American judo arise because of the lack of communication between its leaders. Classic example: In a letter dated January 6, 1975, Thomas F. Dalton, chairman AAU-USJF Referee Certification Committee, wrote to Jim Nichols, president of the USJA: "The minimum rank required for IJF referee with respect to rank, is shodan (first dan-IJF recognized rank)." Dalton then went on to say, "A copy of this letter is being sent to John Osako, a member of both the AAU-USJF Referee Certification Committee and the IJF referee subcommission. If there are any changes in the rank requirements that I am not aware of, I'm certain he will bring it to my attention." In response to that letter, Osaka wrote on January 13th: "Sorry, but you are mistaken about this one." He then went on to say, "Since the IJF does not control judo rank in any of its members countries, we cannot guarantee its integrity, and therefore do not list it as a requirement for certification." To add to the confusion, on March 4, 1975, John Havlir, president of the Texas Yudanshaki, wrote to Rick Mertens, executive secretary of the USJA: "I do want to remind you that this tournament is a site for class 'C' Referee Certification and minimum rank is shodan. Many of your members might want to be notified and certified. Certification will be based on their refereeing ability only." Finally, at the exam itself, the first thing Tim Dalton said was: "Minimum rank requirement for taking this exam will be IJF recognized rank of shodan."

* * *

Sick Sensei of the Month Award: My nomination for the Black Belt Hall of Shame is the well-known New England judo leader who badgered a national high school champion into taking a USJA patch off her judo gi before accepting her gold medal – by threatening to leave her stranded in Dallas, Texas. Tired old men are still using young players as pawns in their continual struggle for political power and survival.

THE HOUSTON (DIS)CONNECTION

Red faces and red ink make promoter Young Lee a quiet man. BY GENE SHELTON

The voice on the other end of a poor telephone connection pretty well summed it up.

"I'm very shocked ... very disappointed ... do not wish to discuss it now. Maybe next week."

The soft, expressive voice belonged to Young Lee, a sixth degree tae kwon do master, karate dojo owner and sponsor of the forgettable "Karate Masters Versus Boxing Professionals and International Martial Arts Demonstration" in Houston's Hofheinz Pavilion. It was 10 days after the event, and it was obvious Master Young Lee wouldn't be too anxious to discuss it even next week.

As it worked out, the title of the karate-boxing exhibition was about as long as two of the three bouts. And Young Lee practically spoke for the entire crowd on that sultry late-June night. If so, he spoke for one of the smallest minority groups in history. Barely 300 fans showed up for what had been billed as "the first major fight between professional boxers and karate masters."

It was not to be karate's finest hour. Losing the bouts, two by knockouts, was bad enough for karate. Even worse, the martial arts lost face — along with its reputation of invincibility and total self-control inspired and nurtured in the dream world of bad movies and television. And Young Lee took a bloodbath at the bank.

Master Lee declined to say how much he lost on the project, or even if

Photos by John Gore

Confusion and disgust—both emotions seem to be present in the expression Mike Quarry wore as he viewed his opponent's karate temper tantrum that ended their strange bout.

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the fighters were competing for money or for fun, but in a couple of ways the scanty turnout may have been a blessing in disguise.

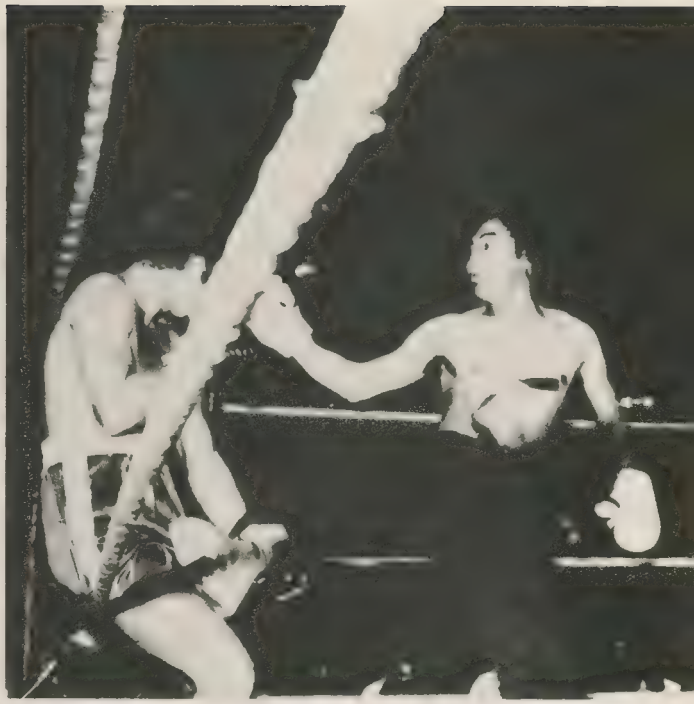
Had Hofheinz Pavilion been filled to capacity, the world's first major fight between professional boxers and karate masters might well have ended in a notable crowd disturbance. (Houston has disturbances. Watts, Detroit and South American soccer fields have riots.) Also, a wayward weapon lost during a kata slammed into an empty seat instead of a spectator, thereby saving Master Lee – along with the martial artist who lost his grip – from one hellacious lawsuit.

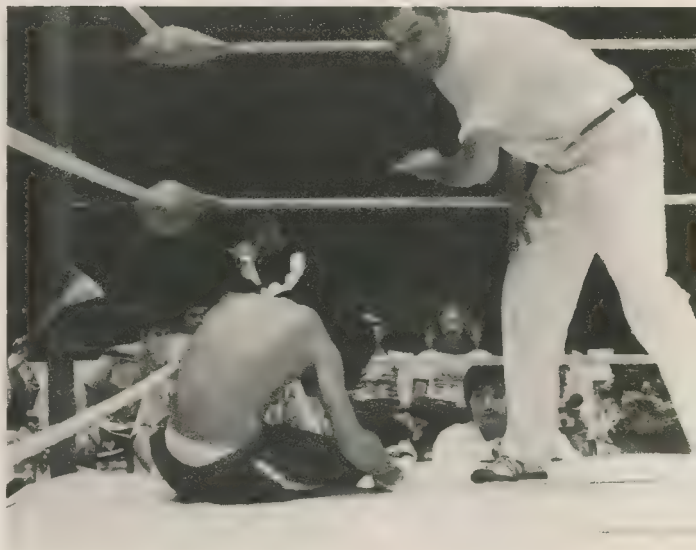
On paper, the demonstration looked like a great idea. Match twice Korean lightweight champion and world champion Chong Lee against Termite Watkins, a Houston lightweight with as promising a ring future as now exists for boxing. Throw Dong Wook Lim, a world champion and member of the Korean National Tae Kwon Do Team for two years, against Gene Wells, a journeyman fighter making a comeback at age 31 and an aspirant to the top 10 middleweight ranks within the year. Cap off the card with Master Yong Tae Lee, a former member of the Korean National Tae Kwon Do Demonstration Team, against Mike Quarry, also attempting a comeback after taking a shellacking from Bob Foster in a 1972 light-heavy championship bout.

Toss in a battery of nationally-famed martial artists, many of whom have appeared repeatedly on television and at major tournaments, with impressive self defense demonstrations and exhibitions of weapons control and fighting, and stage the affair in Houston – one of the nation's more violent cities, where homicides frequently occur over a quarter-bet pool game. Add to this the booming popularity of the martial arts through television and movie productions, and you've got a packed house, right?

Wrong.

What you have is two boxers systematically whomping up on two karate masters, a third bout that nobody wins and degenerates into a karate temper tantrum of near-epic proportions. You have a spectator, infuriated with the karateka's tactics, whopping him on the back with a white platform shoe, a





In the early going, Yong Tae Lee's kicks seemed to be getting in on Mike Quarry (top) during their heavyweight tango. At right, the referee counts out lightweight Chong Lee, who was decked by Termite Watkins.

caricature of the Southern redneck casually eating a chunk of watermelon, which only moments before had been sliced by a blindfolded martial arts practitioner. No wonder Master Young Lee chooses not to recall the evening.

* * *

It is 35 minutes past the scheduled starting time, and some of the members of the scattered audience are getting restless, passing the time with rhythmic applause. They apparently have never been to a martial arts demonstration or tournament before, and so are not familiar with the unspoken rule that such events never start on time.

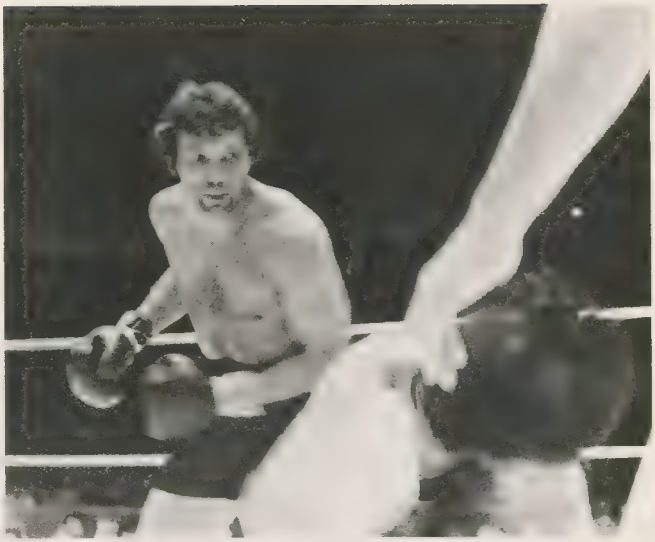
The first demonstration of the night features karate and ju jitsu practitioner and actor Kim Kahana. It also opens with an omen of things to come. Kahana, who has appeared in *Kung Fu, Six Million Dollar Man, Ironside,* many other television shows and a few movies, is to perform the ritual fire dance.

An associate strikes a match and the entire packet flares up in his hand. The assistant escapes the mini-explosion undamaged and unscorched, and the crowd has its first – and last – laugh of the night.

The first karate-boxing match of the card is called, and Termite Watkins, a classy young fighter with 17 straight wins as a professional and 120 wins as an amateur steps into the ring. At age 18, the former Golden Gloves champ is the ninth-ranked lightweight in the country and ringside kibitzers already have him pegged as a future lightweight world champion. Across from Watkins, Chong Lee brings his 15 years of tae kwon do into the ring. While Watkins looks more like the kid next door than a promising title contender, Chong Lee looks like a world champion karateka – lithe, quick, composed as the protective equipment is strapped on.

The first indication that the karateka might be in trouble comes with ring announcer Easton's explanation of the rules. There is to be no striking below the belt, thus taking away the karateka's favorite target the groin. There will be no takedowns, no follow-up attacks on a downed opponent. And, incredibly, there will be no judges. A referee will be in the ring to make sure no one catches one in the cup, but the crowd will decide the winner with its applause in the event a match goes the distance. There are other regulations, but the rules tend to favor the boxer.

At the bell, the fighters move to the center of the ring, light jabs and kicks probing defenses. Chong Lee launches a blitz-type kicking attack, left spin kick followed by roundhouse right and then a snap kick that catches Watkins in the midsection. Watkins slips a spin kick, closes and slams a left jab into Lee's midsection, follows with a right cross to the rib cage, and the fighters close on the ropes, where it quickly becomes obvious that Watkins is at home and Chong Lee has no idea what to do. Watkins keeps working on the body.



A wicked left was all she wrote for Dong Wook Lim, who is seen falling to the canvas while middleweight boxer Gene Wells stands ready to deliver a coup de grace.

Near the end of the first round, Chong Lee seems to be having trouble getting his kicks up past the waist. The kicks are losing their snap; the karateka shows signs of running out of gas, the boxer's body blows taking a heavy toll. But the round ends with the match relatively even.

When the fighters come out to open the second round, a pattern definitely has developed. Chong Lee opens with a kicking blitz, while Watkins picks off the attempts and waits his opening. The karateka gets in a solid right sidekick to the head, gaining a momentary advantage, and then seems to step back and wait for the judge's flags to go up signalling a clear point.

But there are no flags in the ring corners at Houston, and the karateka's tournament conditioning costs him his chance. It also gets him back in the same mess – in the ropes, with Watkins hammering away at the body.

Round three is more of the same, flashy burst of kicks from Chong Lee, blocked by Watkins. The boxer slips a right sidekick, takes the karateka into the ropes and pours lefts and rights into the midsection. Lee folds, slides through the ropes and onto the ring apron. The scene is repeated twice more before the bell.

In round four, Watkins clearly smells the knockout. He keeps boring in, blocks a right spin kick to the head, counters with a left jab to the chin, a meaty-sounding right cross to the ribs and a quick left-right combination. At a minute 53 seconds of the fourth round, Watkins cuts loose with a flurry of solid lefts and rights to the body and Chong Lee has had the course. He doesn't quite make it to his feet before the count reaches ten.

The crowd likes what they've seen so far; both fighters get as warm an ovation as a few hundred souls can create in an air-conditioned cavern.

Now it's time for another demonstration, and sixth degree black belt Tadashi Yamashita blindfolds himself, loops the sickle-shaped kama weapon around his wrists and begins his kata. About 40 seconds later, a kama slips from his grasp, sails into the seats and some clown, a dozen rows removed from the point of impact, screams. Yamashita freezes. It's as though he is afraid to look. Finally he removes the blindfold,

discovers no one has been hurt and apologizes profusely. The comedian who screamed does not apologize. The interrupted kata is abandoned while Yamashita goes to collect his frazzled nerves. The laughter gradually dies as most of the crowd realizes they have just witnessed the ultimate embarrassment of a master craftsman.

In the second bout, Dong Wook Lim, a 1972 world champion, goes against Gene Wells in the middleweight match. Lim's flashy kicking techniques take an early toll. Wells, 31, winner of nine of his last 10 fights, is confused. The boxer's midsection is reddened by Lim's kicks; then something seems to click behind Wells' heavy-browed, bearded face. Wells comes after him, puts him down with a solid left hook. Lim gets to his feet and goes down almost immediately from a powerful left to the jaw.

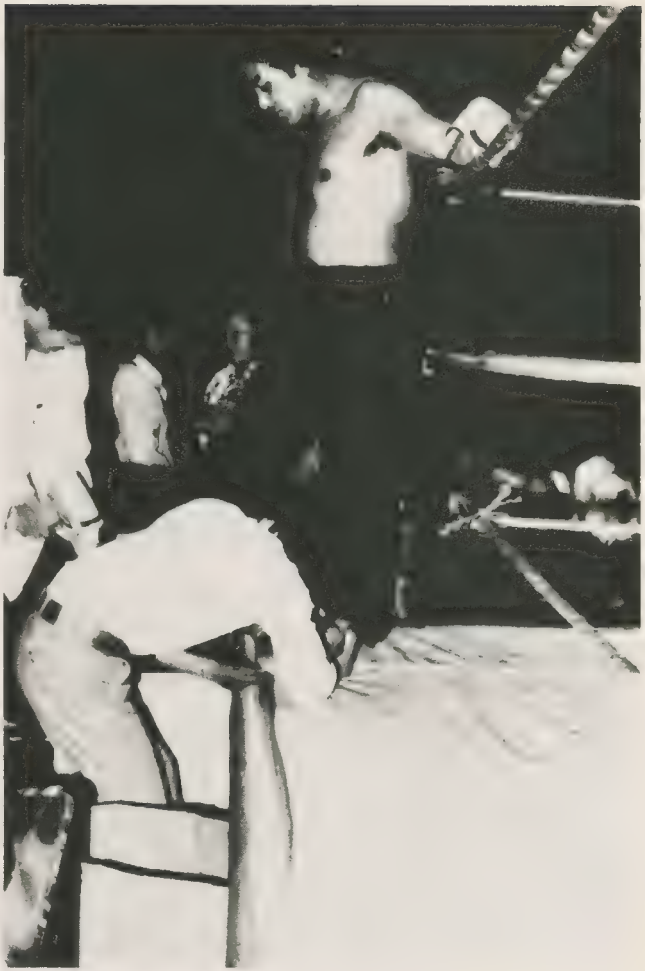
Round two opens with Lim still in obvious trouble, rapidly running out of gas. The kicks are losing power, punches weak and wide. Wells blocks a reverse spin kick and sees his opening.

At a minute-five of the second round, after three more knockdowns, Wells mercifully puts a swift end to it. He picks off a weak left spin kick, moves in to hammer away at the body, then brings a good, old-fashioned, non-textbook from-the-floor haymaker out of left field. And Wells can hit. The blow is flush on the jaw and the fight is over.

But the demonstrations linger on. Sponsor Young Lee, a practitioner of the "mystic cha-ryok techniques in complete spiritual concentration," demonstrates his abilities by allowing his arms to be pierced by long nails and then lifting buckets of water by ropes looped around the nails. It is, in effect, a live rerun of *The Thrillseekers* television show. But the audience really isn't paying that much attention. In one aisle off to the side, Yong Tae Lee is working himself into a proper karate fury in preparation for the highlight of the evening, the heavyweight division bout with Mike Quarry. Yong Tae Lee is practicing his kicking techniques with a fellow karateka, and it's an impressive show indeed. The Los Angeles karateka, a seventh-degree black belt and past member of the Korean National Tae Kwon Do Demonstration Team, has some kind of style with the feet. Sharp, powerful. The gi pops with each kick, the face contorts in concentration, twists to fury. He was psyching himself up to go against Mike Quarry, something of a mysterious figure in boxing circles.

Quarry, 23, is attempting to battle his way back to the top after winning 35 professional bouts before hooking up with Bob Foster in 1972 for the light-heavy crown. He was badly battered, went into an emotional funk and a series of physical problems which lasted for a year, and according to ringside types, is now beginning to come out of it with 11 wins in his last 12 bouts.

The bell sounds. The fighters approach each other in the center of the ring, feeling each other out. Yong Tae Lee's sidekick bounces off Quarry's arm, a flurry of punches by the boxer misses, and Lee's countering kicks land on the elbows and gloves. Then Quarry gets in a sharp right jab to Lee's jaw and the fighters close.



Told his head-butting tactic was illegal, Korean stylist Yong Tae Lee pouts in his corner while seconds remove his gear. He refused to finish the fight with Mike Quarry.

From here, the whole thing starts to come apart. Yong Tae Lee starts slamming his forehead into Quarry in the clinch. He gets in six to eight good licks with the forehead, conditioned by breaking bricks and other solid objects, before the referee (Tadashi Yamashita) finally decides to separate the combatants. The fighters close again and Lee tries a takedown. When that doesn't

(Continued on Page 64)

by Bud Furillo

It was a hot summer night in August and the scents in the Los Angeles Olympic Auditorium ranged from imported Paris perfume to Tijuana dust.

The 52-year-old building attracted movie stars, ex-mobsters and the *campesinos* from south of the border for the matching of the undefeated Randy Shields of North Hollywood and "Tury the Fury" Pineda from Mexico.

The swells slipped in late through a side door of the landmark and a private parking lot. The seat-cover laborers from the border towns were convinced to search outside by powerful young members of Peace Power. This didn't happen to Burt Lancaster, John Derek or Kris Kristofferson. But they weren't suspected of packing tequila either.

Mickey Cohen, the underworld patriarch, was led to his seat without a bust. And, on cue, Edy Williams, the perennial starlet now in her 30's, took off her clothes.

The bodies of the fighters were in better condition, but after all, they were prepared to go 10 rounds.

This they did at a furious pace in a bout to determine if Shields, the white Anglo-Saxon pugilist, is a legitimate contender for either of the planet's 135-pound boxing titles, held by World Boxing Association champion Roberto Duran of Panama and World Boxing Council champion Guts Ishematsu of Japan.

When the August 23 bout had ended, Shields was the winner by unanimous decision over Pineda, recipient of a boxing heart transplant.

It used to be said that Pineda had a heart for his trade no larger than a pea. But he out-gutted Guts in two title fights with the Japanese titleholder and never retreated against Shields.

Pineda left Japan with the citizens claiming he had been robbed of the crown twice. He left the old Olympic with applause for his courage even though he was beaten soundly.

The verdict on Shields is yes—he is a contender, a throwback to the talented white fighters who came out of New York in the 30's and the 40's.

The blond baby of 19, boxes with skills far beyond his professional experience of little more than a year. He was the Golden Gloves champion in 1974. Randy is one of the tallest licensed lightweights at six feet. He makes 135 as easily as Willie Shoemaker does 114 pounds.

Watching him and Pineda, I was reminded of the great fights put on by Tony Janiro and Rocky Graziano. The styles were similar, only Shields was in complete control. He slipped punches with head movement that would draw approval from Muhammad Ali or Sugar Ray Robinson.

Shields was born in Washington, D.C. on November 27, 1955, the son of a professional boxer. Sonny Shields moved his family to Los Angeles a year after Randy was born. Sonny has been a stunt man in films for the past seven years. "Before that I was a bum," he says.

Randy began to box in the backyard of his North Hollywood home on Victory Boulevard when he was 12. A college student at Cal State Northridge, Randy says:

"The only thing I know about in sports is boxing. Bill Walton grew up doing nothing except shoot a basketball. The only thing I've ever done is box. I am dedicated completely to boxing. I want to be a champion."

The elder Shields and his son work out together from a pre-dawn run until a moonlight walk. And when they aren't working out, they work together in films as stunt men. Randy recently joined the Screen Actors Guild to jump off buildings onto horses.

There is a 40-foot tower in the Shields' backyard for leaping. One thing about Randy, if he gets knocked down, he knows how to bounce back.

Don Chargin, matchmaker for the Olympic Boxing Club, will register one of his rare smiles at the mention of Shields. Chargin suffered a severe heart attack several years ago. Cardiac Clubbers don't smile much.

"Randy fights as if he was born 40 years ago," says Chargin. "He's reminiscent of the hungry fighters that worked the trade before television. He is going to be a champion. The only question is when."

Randy was unranked by the WBC going into the bout with world class performer Pineda. That curious group pegged Pineda number two in the world. However, the WBA had Randy number six.

As this is written, plans called for Chargin to match Shields, 26 to 0, with former WBC lightweight champion Rodolfo Gonzalez. If Shields continues to win, Chargin is anxious to sign him for a WBC title go.

What about Duran?

Randy is good, but not that good—not yet.

Overkill in a Featherweight Fiasco

How hard punching Ruben Olivares knocked Bobby Chacon into the next weight division

by Lawrence Derfner

The referee looked at the fighter getting smashed against the ropes, and searched for some show of self-defense. He saw none, and so, at 2:29 of the second round, he threw his arms around Ruben Olivares, pulling him away from a battered Bobby Chacon. The referee raised Olivares' right hand to signal that he had won, for the second time, the featherweight championship of the world. His handlers, his brothers and his friends all rushed into the ring to embrace him, and to protect him from his more aggressive fans who raced to the ring, only

to be beaten back by security guards and the entourage that swarmed around Olivares. Firecrackers exploded, cups of beer flew through the air and a roar from 18,770 stunned fight fans filled the Los Angeles Forum that Friday night June 20. Bobby Chacon was led gently to his corner by his manager and trainer, while Ruben stood laughing in a wide, black sombrero, as photographers pushed each other, trying to take his picture, and reporters thrust microphones at him, hoping to catch a few words from the new, twice-crowned champion.

How had this happened? Many people argue that Olivares didn't win the fight, but that Chacon lost it. To be sure, Chacon contributed to his own defeat by losing too much weight too fast. He sweated off 16 pounds in the last 10 days before the fight, nine in the last four days, and weighed in the morning of the fight at 124½, compared to Olivares' 125¼ the featherweight limit is 126. (After the fight, Chacon was fined $2500 and suspended indefinitely, pending a hearing before the California State Athletic Commission on charges that he had been out of condition to defend his title.)

The people who claim that it was the steam bath, and not

At his training camp in Gilman Hot Springs, Ruben Olivares went through the rigorous workouts that eventually made the difference against Bobby Chacon.

Photos by Larry Goldstein

Olivares that beat Chacon include the same people who, before the fight, brushed off the importance of Chacon's weight problem.

"Bobby's always had trouble making the weight and it never bothered him before. He just beat Papalero Estrada – knocked him out in two rounds – after sweating off three pounds in a steam bath the night before. Ruben used to have the same trouble getting down to one eighteen when he was a bantamweight, and it never bothered him."

So the local oddsmakers installed Chacon as the 10 to 7 favorite. Olivares, five years older at 28, having fought 83 fights in a 10-year professional career, was thought too slow and vulnerable for the slashing punches of Chacon. The fight was being held on Chacon's turf Los Angeles, and Chacon was the most popular boxer in the city. How then did Olivares pull off such an upset, beating the favored Chacon in just five and a half minutes?

The fight fans in Mexico understood it all along. Ruben Olivares, considered the hardest hitting "little man" in boxing history (71 KOs in 84 fights), is the most popular athlete in that country – thanks not only to his ring performances but also to his drinking and partying during training camp.

"I like having fun. After this fight with Chacon, I'm going down to Mexico and have a good time with my friends. I used to play around a lot during training, and maybe not work as hard as I should have, but I cut all that out ever since I got ready for the first fight with Chacon."

Olivares handed Chacon his only other loss, a ninth-round KO, on June 23, 1973, when Chacon sat slumped in his corner, too exhausted to answer the bell for the 10th round.

Olivares trained in Gilman Hot Springs, a hundred miles southeast of Los Angeles, at the Massacre Canyon Inn. The gym was filled with Mexican songs playing over the loudspeakers, and people were drinking Coors in the can. A cluster of pretty girls with lipstick and bare midriffs watched Ruben, with big eyes and little smiles playing at their mouths. Brown, shirtless men leaned against posts and counters, joking around and putting Chacon down.

"Hey, I hear Bobby's fat and slow."

"I hear he's driving a Rolls Royce and messing around Pico-Rivera at two in the morning."

Jorge Ugalde, his trainer, taped Ruben's hands and pulled his gloves on. A stout, balding, intense man, Ugalde checked to see that Olivares' headgear was on straight, then smeared Vaseline on his face. Ruben would spar four rounds, two with former Mexican featherweight champion Enrique Garcia, and two with "Arabe" Ocampo. (He's called "Arabe" because he looks more Arab than Mexican.)

As Ruben began to spar, the qualities that made him such a powerful puncher became evident. He's built broadly through the chest and shoulders, but the muscles aren't bunched and his body works fluidly. His muscles thoroughly relax when they're not being used, so he doesn't get arm-weary or tight after six or seven rounds of heavy punching.

Olivares gets his whole body behind his punches, coming forward from the balls of his feet, and driving through his opponent's head or body after he makes contact. But his training regimen has become more varied.

Defense for instance plays a bigger part in Olivares' fight than it did when he was a bantamweight. Before 1972, when he turned featherweight, Olivares used to stalk his opponents, bombing away until they fell. And the best of them did fall – Jesus Pimentel, Lionel Rose, Chucho Castillo. But as he got older – a shade slower, more conservative with his energy, more concerned about his stamina – Ruben began to let his opponents work harder, while he held them off or stayed out of their reach, waiting for an opening.

When Ruben and Arabe finished their last round of fighting, the 70 or so people in the gym applauded happily. Ruben flashed his wide smile that showed off the gold fillings in his teeth, and joined in the applause for himself. An old man who'd been sitting quietly throughout the workout with his grandson, walked up to Ruben and shook his hand, saying, "Buena suerte (good luck), Campion."

Ruben stretched out on the motel bed, flies buzzing about while his doctor checked his reflexes and his blood pressure. A photographer got set to take a picture of this scene, but Ruben

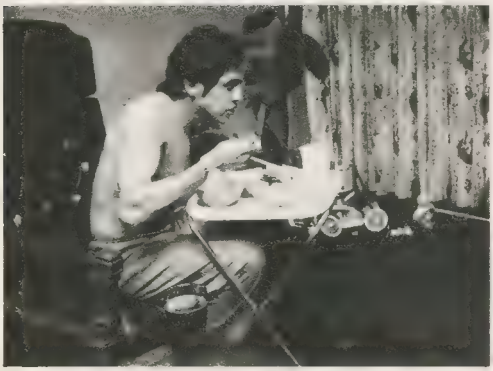


Photo by David King

A contrast in training regimens is evident as Olivares discusses tactics with a handler (above), while Chacon partakes of an all-too-filling meal (left).

waved him off. "Not with me flat on my back and a doctor over me. My mother sees the picture, she'll think that I'm sick." A television reporter for a Mexican station questioned Ruben about the upcoming fight, then read his narrative into the microphone in solemn tones that lent the fight the sanctimony of a papal election. As Joaquin Castillo sat next to his featherweight friend translating into Spanish the questions from an American reporter, Ruben brought grins from everybody in the room by flexing his biceps and explaining, "The right one here is 'hospital,' and the left one is 'cemetery.'"

On Thursday afternoon, June 19, Olivares lay resting on a bed in the Alexandria Hotel, downtown Los Angeles. He had left Gilman's Hot Springs on Sunday, and trained the next three days in a gym in Montebello. There, 150 to 200 people showed up daily to watch him work out. The men talked among themselves in clusters inside the gym and out on the street; many had tough, scarred faces, and wore double knit pants and white patent leather shoes. They talked authoritatively about Ruben's chances against Chacon, and on whom the smart money should be bet. For these last two days, Ruben would surround himself with only his handlers and his closest friends and relatives, and he would rest, not work.

A reluctant riser, Ruben had to be jostled out of bed at 9:15 Friday morning and rushed to the Forum for the 10:30 weigh-in. He had no need to worry, having lived on orange juice and juice from unsalted beef to hold his weight down. When Chacon got on the scales, a cheer went up at the announcement that he had gotten down to fighting weight.

Olivares and his people returned to the hotel. They shrugged off rumors that syndicate gamblers, having bet heavily on Chacon, threatened to mutilate Ruben's hands if he won. They talked about the trip to Mexico after the fight, and the coming reception from his family and friends. Someone asked Ruben if his plans would be changed any if he lost.

"It's never entered my mind that I could lose."

At 6:00, Ruben went to his Forum dressing room and read a Mexican comic book. During the preliminary fights, Ugalde taped Ruben's hands and rubbed vulcan oil on his body to keep his muscles warm. After the intermission, the fans back from the snack bars and in their seats for the main event, an official came into the dressing room to announce that it was time to enter the ring. Ugalde laced up the gloves, then Ruben stood up and said, "Okay. Let's finish what we started."

Torres and Castillo pushed through the fans who had crowded into the aisle, shouting, "Don't touch him, please, don't touch him," as Ruben moved as fast as he could, behind

(Continued on Page 65)

Forming an AAU club

OK, you've joined the AAU. You are a registered athlete and you have your brand new membership card to prove it. So now what?

Well, if your friends or relatives are also interested in being in the AAU, you can form an AAU club. The AAU functions almost entirely at the local level, in the form of the 58 local associations. Ninety-eight percent of AAU activity is local meets, inter-club races and association competition. Sure, we hear a lot about the national championships, but there really aren't very many athletes there compared to the thousands who compete at the local level.

In each local association, activities are coordinated by a committee for that sport. The committee is made up of representatives from each of the local clubs that is active in that sport, and the chairman is elected by the committee with each club getting one vote.

The rules vary from association to association on what it takes to form a club. In general, you need a group of people interested in amateur sports who want to work together to further the ideals of amateurism and promote amateur competition in sports. It can be any group – the Y.M.C.A., the Girl Scouts, Joe Blow, five friends or all of the above.

You have to fill out a club membership application, which you can obtain from your local AAU secretary. (Look in the phone book under AAU or Amateur Athletic Union or call or write the national headquarters at AAU House, 3400 W. 86th St., Indianapolis, IN 46268.) Ask for the address and phone number of your local association secretary. You will have to submit a copy of your by-laws if you have any or maybe a representative of your club will have to attend an association meeting to explain who you are and why you want to join the AAU. You'll also have to pay a club membership fee (usually $15 to $25).

"But," you ask, "Why should I go through all this hassle?"

Here's why. The local clubs are the backbone of the AAU. They organize practice (some even hire their own coaches), put on local competition and produce the athletes who go on to national and Olympic competition.

If you want to have any voice in the way amateur competition is conducted in your area, you should form a club and get on the local committee. Then you get to the meetings and vote. It's the local committees, formed of the local clubs, that decide how things are done locally, and the ideas and suggestions that they take to the national committee meetings are what make national policy.

Besides, it's the local clubs that sponsor and organize the national championships. A national tournament doesn't just happen. A local club gets backing from the local committee and the local association; then they go to the national committee meeting and talk them into awarding the championships to them.

This holds true with regard to karate, boxing, wrestling and even a few bingo tournaments. So if you want any pull with the national committee, forming your own AAU club is the best way.

Next:

What's a National Committee?

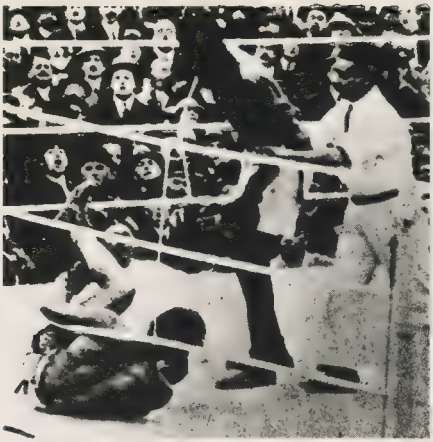
The Tragedy of Battling Siki

Half a century before Zaire, one black man dared to be better.

by Bob Birchard

MONEY. It is an end, a beginning and sometimes the means in boxing. The promoters want it, the fighters want it and even the fans with their side bets hope to make some extra. It was true of Muhammed Ali's fight with Chuck Wepner, "the Bayonne Bleeder," and it was true 53 years ago when Battling Siki rose to prominence in a somewhat questionable fight promotion.

There was no closed circuit TV in 1922, but fight films were big worldwide moneymakers. Georges Carpentier of France was the world light-heavyweight champion, and a French concern made arrangements to film Carpentier's defense of his title. All they needed was



One of the most controversial fights in history came to an abrupt end when Georges Carpentier went down for the third time at the hands of Battling Siki (left). Siki drew somewhat negative attention upon his arrival in Dublin (right) before fighting Irish Mike McTigue.

a patsy – Carpentier was popular, and it would not be good box office for him to lose. The promoters thought they had found a perfect match for the Frenchman in Louis Pahl – better known as Battling Siki.

Siki, which means "Sweet Child" in Senegalese, was known as boxing's "African Wild Man." He was not a schooled fighter – he just waded into a fight with his head down and his arms swinging – but what he lacked in style was compensated for by an impressive record – 40 wins to one loss on points. Still, it was easy to see that Battling Siki would be no real match for the highly polished fisticuffs of Georges Carpentier. The promoters, however, were not leaving anything to chance.

The fight would last six rounds That would produce 18 minutes of film, just enough for a two-reeler, and then it was agreed that Siki would take a dive. The Senegalese was agreeable – the money was good, and Carpentier agreed not to hurt him. The managers shook hands, the contracts were signed and everything was set. Except . . .

The bout took place one September afternoon at Buffalo Stadium, Paris. At this time, big fights were most often staged outdoors during the daylight hours. It saved the movie people the worry about lights. All went well for the first three rounds, and then Carpentier misjudged a punch and landed a heavy blow to the side of Siki's head. The black man went down. This was not in the fight plan, and he was angered at Carpentier's action.

When he got off the canvas, Battling Siki was fighting to win.

With arms flying, Siki battered the champion. Carpentier was forced to defend himself. He took a tremendous beating in the fourth and fifth rounds, and the crowd was amazed. They had come to see the black man beaten by their beloved Carpentier, but by the start of the sixth frame it was obvious that it was not going to happen this afternoon.

When the Frenchman came out for the sixth, Siki connected with a right uppercut. Their feet tangled as Carpentier fell to the canvas, and the referee Arthur Bernstein accused Siki of tripping the champion. Siki went to a neutral corner and waited, but Carpentier did not get up after the count. It was obvious the fight was over. The world light-heavyweight champ had been stopped by the "African Wild Man."

Bernstein made a hasty decision. Battling Siki was disqualified for tripping Carpentier. Could it have been that he was being paid off to make sure the fighters followed the promoters' scenario? Or was it because Siki was black? Maybe it was just an honest ruling as he saw it, but the crowd did not see it the same way. Their outrage at the decision was expressed in taunts and jeers. A riot threatened, and the three judges held a hasty consultation. Bernstein's ruling was overturned. Louis Pahl, Battling Siki, was the new light-heavyweight champion of the world. But this moment of triumph actually signalled the beginning of a long slide.

Siki's story begins in St. Louis, in the French West African colony of Senegal. St. Louis was a large city, and throughout his life, Siki never saw the jungle – but in his boxing career, sports writers put black man and Africa together in their minds and came up with the legend of the "Championzee – child of the jungle!"

He was born 1897 as Baye Pahl. By the time he was 15, a touring French actress took an interest in the young Senegalese, and took him to her Paris home when she returned to France. In Paris, he took the Christian name Louis and lived with the actress until she again went on tour. Always looking out for his interests, she found him work as a busboy and dishwasher in a Montmartre cafe. With no other friends or acquaintances in the city, Louis Pahl spent most of his free time at the boxing club. By 1913, he was a professional boxer.

Unlike today, when nearly every imaginable sport has a professional outlet, in the 1920's there was really only one sport in which an athlete could make any kind of money – boxing. Louis Pahl decided he was going to make his way in the world, and fighting was the quickest way to money and recognition. Indeed, it was one of the few prestige careers open to the black man.

World War I brought a halt to his fighting career, although he was able to improve his boxing skills in Army bouts. He served with an American outfit in the trenches and was awarded the French Croix de Guerre and the Medaille Militaire.

After the war he fought all over the European continent – Belgium, Spain, The Netherlands and Germany. His fighting style resembled that of a car-

toon boxer – arms flailing like windmills. He became something of a minor celebrity in the European boxing world, and because of this he was tapped to fight Georges Carpentier for the light-heavyweight championship.

The money and acclaim that came with being the new champion clearly went to Siki's head. Expensive clothes, booze and women. He even walked a lion on a leash down Montmartre. He kept company with a white woman. She had his baby, and he deserted them. The world boxing community was quick to lash back at Siki, who they thought had forgotten his place.

A bout scheduled with Joe Beckett, the light-heavyweight champ of Great Britain was cancelled when the British government refused to sanction interracial boxing. The French boxing commission suspended Siki's license when, as a spectator at a bout, he disliked a decision and beat up one of the fighter's managers.

Siki finally lined up a bout against Irish Mike McTigue in Dublin, Ireland on March 17, 1923 – St. Patrick's Day. Needless to say, the Irishman won. But given a more neutral arena, the sluggish overweight Siki would probably have lost anyway. He was not keeping a very strict training schedule.

Because of the suspension, the French did not recognize McTigue's victory, but the American boxing officials were quick to honor McTigue's claim to the title. This left a problem for Siki. He was unable to fight in France for the time being, and he had been barred in England and defeated in Ireland. He was not recognized as champ in the U.S., but there were several solid offers, so he followed the money and came to America.

In the States, Siki very consciously nurtured the image of the African Wild Man. It was what the Americans wanted, what they paid to see. By this time Siki was used to living the good life, and if this was the price he had to pay to keep the money coming in . . . ?

Famed piano player Willie "The Lion" Smith remembered Siki as a fixture in the posh Harlem clubs of the day. "There was never any trouble in the clubs in those days – not like it is today. Every club had a bouncer, and these were all one-punch-men. If you caused a disturbance you were taken outside, they took care of you right away, and you'd be out in the street.

"Siki used to come in, always very stylish, and he'd have this club on a chain. Well, one night, he was drinking too much, and the bouncer went over to escort him out – well, Siki let him have it, and this big guy never knew what hit him."

A smiling Georges Carpentier was the idol of France during his tenure as world light heavyweight champion.

These antics were blown out of proportion by the sportswriters of the early 1920's. Scathing attacks were made against Siki, and he was compared unfavorably to Jack Johnson – the first black champion and one of the most hated men of his day for having taken the heavyweight title from Tommy Burns, a white man, in 1908. Boxing columns demanded that Siki be "sent back to the jungle" – that he was "harmful to the nation." But Siki was smart enough to realize that it was this "Wild Man" image that brought out the fans. They were just waiting to see Battling Siki get his comeuppance.

In many ways, the legend was the only thing that kept his career alive. He was not getting big fights, and the few times he did line up a worthwhile fight – as in his bout with Paul Berlenbach – he invariably lost. More nightclubs, more women, no training – even the novelty began to wear off, and fight fans no longer lined up to see the former champion. The money stopped flowing – more frustration, more outrageous incidents.

Still, there were some compensations. Siki was a celebrity in the Harlem cafe society, and he enjoyed the notoriety. He took a wife, and it seemed they were happy. He was even hired to star in a low-budget film for an early day producer of exploitation films who was trying to cash in on what little was left of Siki's fame.

Then, in 1925 at the age of 28, Louis Pahl – Battling Siki – was found shot to death in the streets of New York's "Hell's Kitchen." Officially, and for all practical purposes, the murder has never been solved. There were no clues, and no suspects were ever arrested.

Willie "The Lion" Smith always thought it was probably some Irishmen who killed the Senegalese. "That was the biggest mistake of his life, fighting that Irishman on St. Patrick's Day. And I think he liked to boast a little too much about he was robbed of the fight. He was a real character – Battling Siki."

To complete the record – in the two years after his title fight with Carpentier, Battling Siki had 32 bouts. Of these, he won 13 and lost 19, bringing his lifetime record to 54 wins and 20 defeats – only one by knockout.

Photo by Sergio Ortiz

KARATE

A RUDE AWAKENING FOR THE "MONSTER MAN"

It took two knockouts in two weeks before Everett Eddy saw the light

by Sergio Ortiz

Everett Eddy seemed invincible. He had the size, the speed and the savvy, the three most necessary ingredients that go into a guy who wants to make the big bread in full-contact karate. He had traveled for years under the sobriquet "Monster Man," a tag that referred more to his merciless trundling of opponents than to his sobering physical proportions.

But in a span of two weeks, the invincible "Monster Man" was decked for the ten count on two separate occasions. For weeks afterward, he suffered from dizziness and impairment of vision. His grueling tournament itinerary had ground to a necessary halt, and Eddy went "to the mattresses," re-evaluating a future that seemed suddenly uncertain.

Everett Eddy is a positive thinker, to put it mildly. While licking his wounds, he glossed over his setbacks with almost quixotic optimism.

"It isn't as if I had put my whole career on those two losses," he says. "I'll be coming back soon. Everybody's got to lose sometimes and that's really the only way to know if you're a good fighter. You really can't go on winning, winning and winning."

But the sickening memory of those defeats was not that easily disposed of. They forced him to think again about a career of devotion to karate, and how it stands up in a ring, where the formal training must become practical—where one mistake can turn out the lights. That's exactly what happened to the "Monster Man" in Ottawa and Honolulu this year.

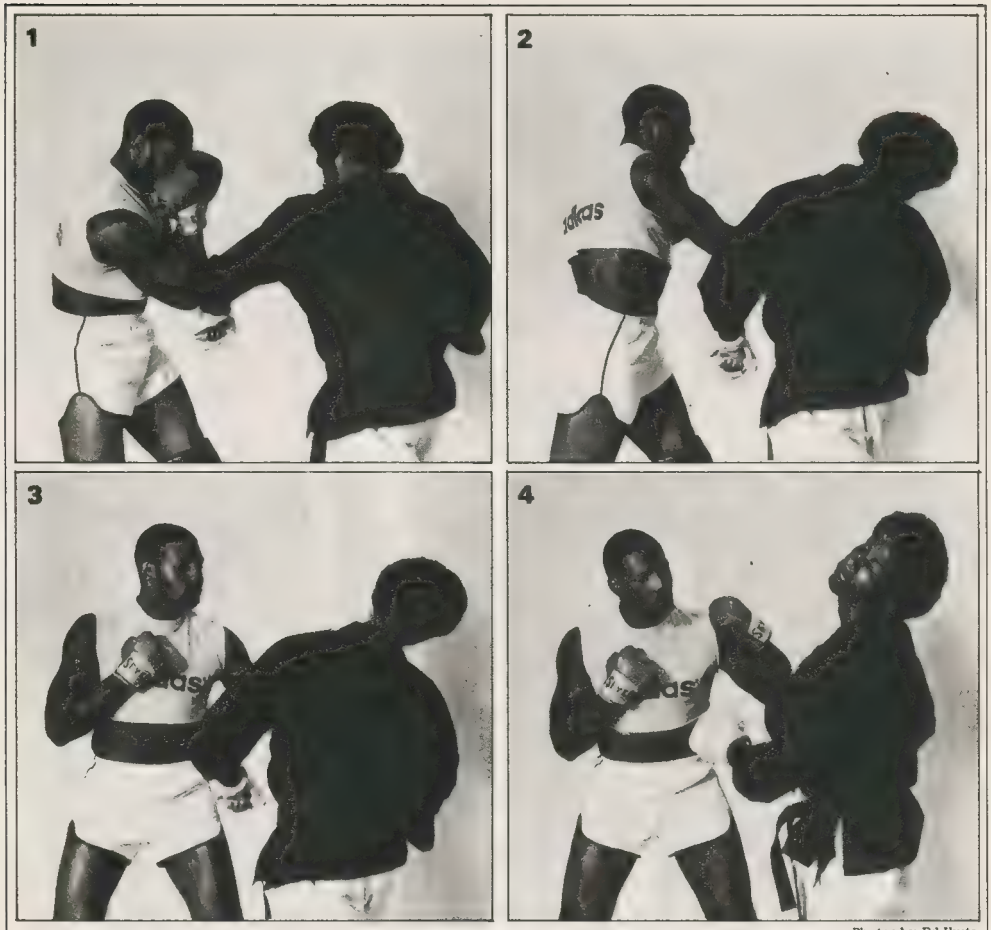
It was after these losses that some of the more knowledgeable karate fans gave up hope that full-contact bouts would ever fill the void left by the grand old sport of boxing. Eddy, however, disagrees.

"Professional and full-contact karate is going to be good for the martial arts only if it is set in the right direction," he states. "The way the sport is going right now is that when you get into this full-contact thing, you find that it's not karate anymore. It is more of a form of boxing. From the minute you step into the ring, you have to get rid of that karate training that took you so long to learn all that training that shows you to fight with your hands down.

"Boxing is dying and they have to have something to pull it back. If some of these boxers can't make a living, then they'll have to get into kick boxing. That may open a whole new field, but the average guy I see in full-contact karate is boxing, really."

If that sounds as if Eddy has a sour taste left in his mouth towards boxing, it may be because those two knockouts he suffered were at the hands of boxers.

In Ottawa last June 8, he was knocked out in the first round by Horst



Photos by Ed Ikuta

RIGHT-LEFT COMBINATION

In view of his back-to-back defeats at the hands of boxers, Everett Eddy (in white trunks) has taken a couple of pages from boxing techniques to apply to his future full contact karate bouts. Here, Cecil Peoples attempts a low body punch (A), which is deflected downward by Eddy's forearm. Note his hands as they continue to shield his face. (B) Eddy then counters with a right cross to the head and a quick left hook (C & D) to finish the combination.

Geisler, a dynamite puncher from Toronto who sent Eddy reeling into oblivion with a thunderous right cross. A short two weeks after, Eddy found himself fighting Hawaii's Duke Sabedong, a reputable boxer who neutralized "Monster Man's" celebrated kicks and who came close to repeating the Ottawa scene. In a second fight that same night, Eddy took a lightning combination to the jaw from Victor Rapoza and again he found himself taking a long and painful ten count.

What happened in the two professional tournaments does not necessarily mean full-contact karate is on the wane, according to Eddy. He blames his two defeats entirely on himself.

"You get to the point where you are over confident," he explains. "I'm not saying I was cocky, but I was a bit too sure of myself. You think that with your karate experience you can kick him and do this and that to him, but it is so different. A boxer trains so different and is used to so much punishment that you can't really hurt him.

"If you kick him in the legs, you just might be able to stop him, but side kicks to the body can't hurt him. You

probably couldn't drop him if you kicked him in the head and—with the safety equipment on—there's not much damage you can do."

Although Eddy did not put on a brilliant show during the two fights, he maintains that karate men should be able to overcome the boxers' advantages. But their attitudes should change if they are ever to surpass boxers in the ring.

"It's not just the attitude of those in karate," he says. "It's also the painful fact that there are too many greedy promoters out there. They are not worried about the fighters, only about how much money they (the promoters) are going to get. The promoters have to get together and treat people like human beings, not like they are some type of animal.

"Before the tournament it's all sweetness and courtesy for the fighter, but *after* the fight they herd you into a place and forget about you after paying you X amount of dollars."

Eddy had once said that there was not one man alive who could defeat him in or out of the ring. That fire-brand bravado sent many of his fans into a frenzy and they really believed the statement.

"My views have not changed a bit," he declares. "I'm just a bit stronger towards those feelings, too. But I've found out that I *can* get knocked out, after all. I'm just a human being. This makes me want to train harder because I know what I did wrong on those fights. I want to make myself better."

Although his views towards the sport and the belief that he is the best karate man in the circuit today have not changed, Eddy credits professional karate with changing his life.

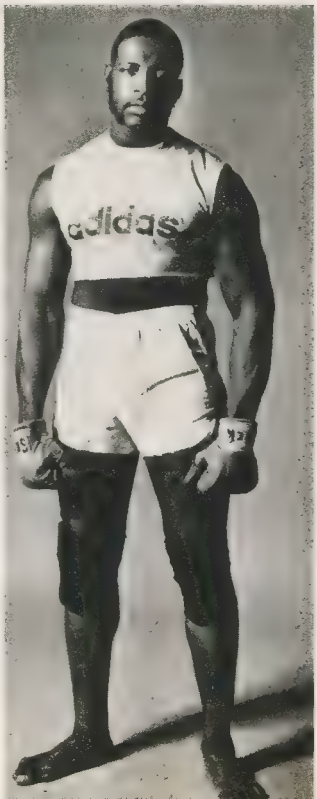
"Especially when you are fighting for money," he adds. "You have to wonder all the time if you are training hard enough, plan your training schedule, think of your eating and sleeping habits, the whole thing. You are either fighting for money or playing a game of tag. And I love fighting full-contact. I don't care if I get knocked out, kicked or whatever. When you are playing tag there can be so much discrepancy about whether a point was scored. With full contact, there's no doubt in anybody's mind. Either you knock somebody out or not. There has to be a winner and no draws."

Although it's a bit too early to tell how far professional full-contact karate is going, Eddy believes that the current beginning trends of the sport will be good for karate in general "only" he stresses, "if it's set in the right direction. "Right now everybody's going to full-contact across the country, and you can't tell what is a good or what is a bad tournament. So a guy might think he is fighting in a pro tournament and it is nothing. Another fighter might think that he is the world's best and hit a real tournament. He gets beat and will be in real trouble. He may even quit after he sees the real danger involved in full-contact karate. There's more danger in full-contact karate than in all the other contact sports because you're not pulling anything. You may kick, use your elbows and your knees, and you're hitting all the time."

It's because of these dangers and the fluid action of full-contact karate that Eddy thinks a good fighter only has a five year ring life.

"Your body can only take so much punishment," he adds. "If you get kicked and kicked your body is going to rebel against this. That's why I think a good karate fighter has maybe five years of full-contact competition in him. If he's decent, he might last a little longer. Most karate fighters don't know a thing. They are dumb about full contact until they get in the ring with a boxer."

"I'm just going to get me a boxer and train with him. . . ."



With a self-predicted five year career, Eddy has no plans ever to abandon karate completely. "After my five years are up, I'd like to train fighters, or maybe take my own stable of fighters around the country to compete. But it all depends on what happens to me when I'm fighting. I could meet, for example, some people who could help me a lot, but I would never consider going into a boxing career. I tried it once and didn't like it. I didn't like taking punches to the face. Your eyes swell up and you can't see and you get your teeth knocked out, your jaw broken. I don't like that type of stuff. That's why I am in karate, to stay away from that stuff with blocking."

Eddy believes that the ony time that type of damage can happen in karate is when a fighter is not really blocking. That happens, he claims, mostly in team fighting where a fighter may put his hands down and get "cold cocked."

If there are to be any more boxing versus karate fights, Eddy—as his experience has shown him—advocates very rigorous training. He thinks the karate man should, most importantly, train to take punches and build his body like boxers do.

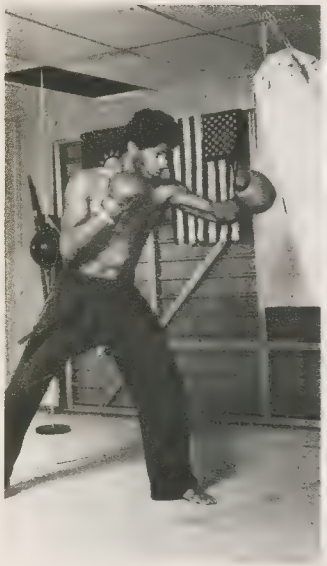
Eddy also faults at least one of his losses (the one in Ottawa) to the fact he was suffering from the after-effects of kicking the cigarette habit after 11 years of heavy smoking.

"I made up my mind after the Canadian fight, that I would go to a monastery and be a monk. I would go into training, or at least go into a more rigorous training system. But now I'm just going to get me a boxer and train with him and try to find out the weaknesses in boxing. I don't plan to fight any boxers now because I need the boxing experience and I took two hard shots to the head and I didn't even take a rest between Ottawa and Honolulu, so I'm going to get cleared up first."

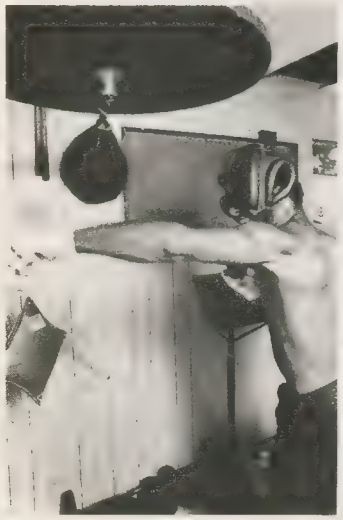
Eddy is also experimenting with some innovations in his style of fighting since, as he said, full contact is not karate.

"People are going to have to sit down and talk about this full-contact thing," he says. "Because it is altogether different. When you see a full-contact match, you see less kicking, more flat-foot stances and more punches."

"I also think the promoters should have no say at all in the rules. The promoter is not out there fighting, getting his face knocked off. And the sport, too, is more like street fighting than karate." ☆



Training and proper equipment go hand in hand in the making of good tournament fighters. Above, one of Jerry's students demonstrates the proper use of the heavy bag, while in the sequence below, he develops the eye-hand coordination he needs with the punching bag.



by Jerry Smith

SAFETY AND EQUIPMENT

Proper equipment is a must in any fighting program. A capable, qualified coach would never send a player on to the football field without proper shoulder pads or head gear. Yet, I have seen many tournament promoters send out their fighters with worn-out gloves and makeshift mats with no canvas covering. I have even seen semi-contact fighting on concrete floors. This is false and dangerous economy and should not be tolerated.

Proper mouth pieces, well-padded head gear and hand wraps should be available for all fighters. All equipment should be properly maintained, both for the safety of the fighter and for reasons of economy. Equipment for the full contact fighter should consist of three bags (light bag, heavy bag and speed bag), punching mits, head gear, mouth pieces, hand wraps and jump rope. A first-aid box should also be part of any coach's equipment. Once the proper equipment is obtained as listed above, training may get under way.

All amateur fighters should wear protective head gear. This head gear is especially designed and termed as "competitive head gear." It is lighter in weight than the head gear used in training but affords the same amount of protection to the eyes and ears. It also includes extra padding at the base of the skull as protection for a fighter on the rare occasion when his head hits the canvas as he falls. Many injuries occur in the professional field that have not resulted from a blow but rather from falling to an improperly padded ring floor. This competitive head gear, with the ample padding, is enough protection to avoid possible injuries of this nature in light training and sparring. Makeshift facilities are to be carefully avoided. A well-padded mat is an absolute essential. Never permit fighters to spar where there is a chance of falling to a hard floor or against objects which might injure them.

Worn-out boxing gloves and other insufficient punching and kicking apparatus should never be used. Every coach or sensei should insist that his fighters wear head gear, mouth pieces and protective cups at each training workout. No exceptions should be permitted. If a mouth piece slips out, or head gear becomes improperly adjusted, time should be called to replace the mouth piece or to properly adjust the head gear. To overlook these details is to be remiss in your duties as a coach or sensei. No fighter should ever be allowed to spar, even a single round, without properly bandaged hands. A bruised thumb could seriously handicap a fighter or give him a permanent injury.

In full contact sparring sessions, because of the vast weight differences, a coach should make sure that fighters of equal ability, experience and physical proportions are matched against one another. It is a grave mistake to permit fighters to pair off indiscriminately as sparring partners.

Every program should also have an M.D. who is designated as a team physician. He should be called on to examine carefully each fighter before the fighter actively engages in any actual fighting. He should observe the fighter at any time he has reason to believe any injury or illness is present and should require that each fighter undergo an examination the day of the match. This is an added precaution which eliminates the possibility of a fighter, who is sub-par because of illness, exposing himself unnecessarily to injury.

Rubber mouth pieces are another essential for all fighters. They are inexpensive and well worth the investment. It is certainly much cheaper than the dental work which may be required when no mouth piece is used.

If a fighter uses boxing gloves, the leather should be greased with Vaseline at least twice a week. Gloves should also be hung up to dry after being used. Make sure they never touch the floor. The grease on the leather will pick up dirt. This, when rubbed against the skin, may cause infection.

If fighters are going to spar at all, headgear is essential. It will protect against accidental head injury (top). Also, bandaging the fighter's hands is a stopgap against hand injuries (above).

Determination, thy name is... PRUZANSKY?

Photos courtesy of Dave Pruzansky

by Jack Murray

With honors in judo, wrestling and sambo behind him, what lies next for Dave Pruzansky?

IT WAS JUST a few hours after the final match of the 1974 AAU Senior National Judo Championships in Phoenix, Arizona. The tournament had been characterized by numerous upsets. A victim of one of those upsets, the defending 139-pound-class champion, Dave Pruzansky, sat staring at the wall of his hotel room, his brother Stewart at his side. There had been some long periods of silence when we first came in the room but now Dave spoke:

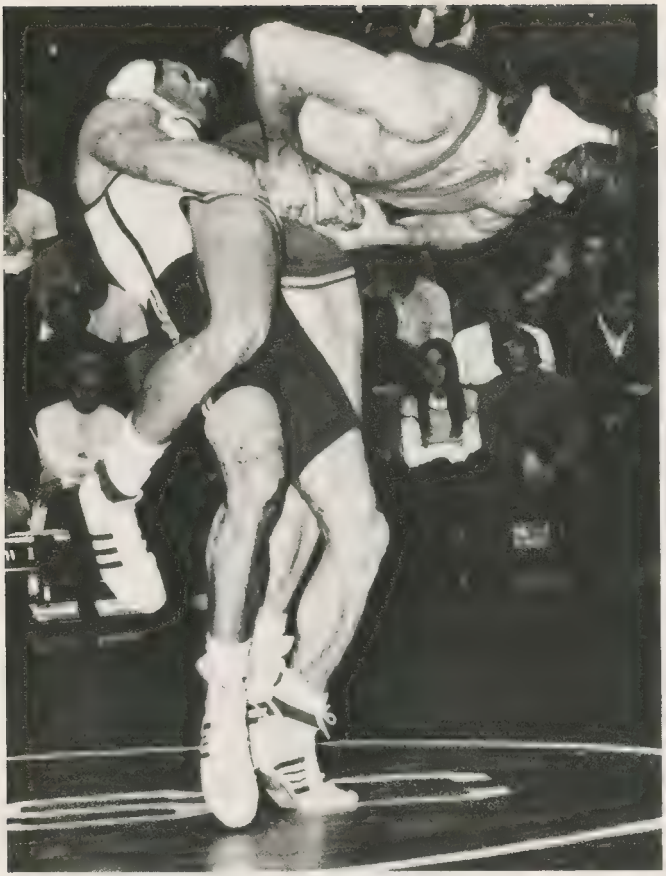
"I'm really disgusted with myself. When I came here, I really felt like I was going to score, but I was too tired. I felt as tired when I went on the mat as when I came off. This heat really got to me. Nerio and I were on the mat and I started to choke him. Then he turned over, but I still had the choke. He threw me from a kneeling position that shouldn't have counted but the referee called it. I had beaten him in the Greco-Roman style championships last year, pinning him for the win. Even though I was tired, I didn't think I was going to lose. If I would have gotten thrown by him or anyone else, it wouldn't have been so bad. I just didn't feel like I lost to the better man, but it was my own fault."

There was no bitterness in the voice, just deep disappointment. You had to be impressed with this attitude – that of a real competitor, a winner at the international level in three sports, judo, wrestling and sambo. When David Pruzansky vowed he'd be ready for the 1975 National Judo Championship, you had to believe it was going to happen.

"Everybody wants to be the best in something, and I feel in judo I have a lot more to learn – a lot more techniques. People know now that I can beat anybody in my class. I think most people see that, but, they don't like it. They think I'm just a wrestler playing judo. That doesn't bother me – the more people hate it, the better I like it. I'm really going to work on my judo technique because I'd rather throw a person than pin him."

The excitement and enthusiasm in David's voice rose as he talked about his plans for the future. "I want to win the AAU wrestling championship again and make the Pan-American team for 1975. Last year I was national champion in both sports. I hurt my ribs and didn't get to go to the world games in wrestling. Then I broke my wrist and didn't get to go to the world games in judo, but I did go to the Maccabiah Games."

Even with a broken wrist that had not completely healed, Dave took a gold medal in the 139-pound-class individual



On the verge of his fourth title, Dave Pruzansky (in white top) throws his opponent in the finals of the 1973 AAU wrestling championships.

competition and took first place in the 154-pound class in team competition. He was also a medalist in wrestling. In 1965 and 1969, Pruzansky had been a gold medalist in both the Greco-Roman and freestyle wrestling championships. It was in those same games in 1965 that Dave first thought about playing judo.

By June of 1974, it looked like Pruzansky would make good on his promise to "be ready next year." He took second place and a silver medal in the AAU wrestling championships in San Francisco. After that he traveled into New York City to work out at the New York Athletic Club three nights a week and his technique continued to improve. But early in 1975 things took a turn for the worse. The first serious injury Dave ever suffered came in a wrestling match, a torn ligament in his right leg. "I'll be out of action for two or three months after the surgery and then I hope to be able to make the Pan-American wrestling team, going to Mexico City in October. I guess judo is out for this year."

Dave Pruzansky started wrestling during high school in Passaic, New Jersey, in 1963, and then won the State Championships in 1964 and 1965. In 1966, he went on to Temple University where he became an outstanding collegiate wrestler, taking second place four times in the National AAU freestyle championships and three times in Greco-Roman championships. In 1973, he was a national champion in wrestling.

In fact, 1973 was to be an unbelievable year for David Pruzansky. First, he won the 139-pound national judo championship, then the wrestling championship, then on to France and a silver medal in international wrestling championships, and finally to Tehran, Iran, to play sambo.

"I got a long distance call from the AAU and they asked me if I wanted to play in the World Sambo Championships. I didn't know the rules till we got to Iran. I feel like I'm the best at that sport of any sport I've ever been in. I feel like I could really do a job in sambo. We had a one day clinic before the championship, so I learned all I could that one day. It wasn't that I had to learn that much, actually the only ones who knew more than me were the Mongolians, the Russians and the Iranians. I learned more in one hour about arm locks from a Russian who didn't speak English but who showed me how to do it than I ever learned in judo or wrestling.

"I went through all my matches till the finals and then I met the Mongolian. I was losing seven to one and as soon as one player gets an eight point lead, he wins. I finally tied it up at twelve to twelve. There were twenty seconds to go and I could have stalled him and gone for the tie, but, if I tied him, I would have been out, because in a tie, whoever scores the first point wins the match. Right at the very end of the match, he got behind me and scored a point to win thirteen to twelve."

David's bronze medal in sambo is typical of his "I'll try anything" attitude, but what kind of a person wants to compete in any sport, any time, any place? Stewart Pruzansky gave some insight when he said, "We take our frustrations out on the mat. We never get into fights, we're basically peaceful people. Everybody in our family is a competitor. Our dad won the Golden Gloves when he was younger and our mother was a junior Olympic champion in track. Both of our brothers were wrestlers."

David's and Stewart's older brother Joel was a key figure in getting the others started in combative sports. "I used to go out and watch Joel," says David. "He was captain of the Yeshiva University team twice. He was probably the best wrestler to ever come out of that school. Then I started in high school and the whole family got involved in wrestling. After high school, I went to Temple and Stewart went to Fairleigh Dickinson, then Lenny went to the University of Pennsylvania. We all wrestled in college."

Anyone who has ever gone the com-

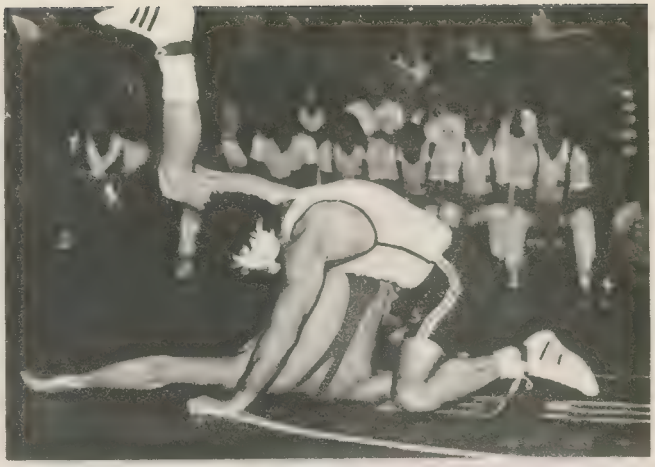
petitive arena knows the sweat, blood and tears that go into building a winner, and all four of the Pruzansky brothers were winners during their competitive days. An arm injury put an end to Joel's wrestling career and Lenny quit after college. Stewart continued competing after he finished school but now he's married. Typical of his attitude was the 1973 Maccabiah Games. Stewart had qualified to compete on the wrestling team. Due to a peculiar set of circumstances, one of the American judo players arrived in Israel and announced that he was not going to represent the United States, but Japan. This left the US team one man short. Stewart volunteered to play, even though his total judo experience consisted of a few small tournaments. In the individual competition, he took a silver medal in the 139-pound class, losing only to brother Dave who took the gold.

An integral part of the success pattern in the Pruzansky family has been a positive mental attitude. David says, "I feel that I'm capable in wrestling or judo, of beating anybody I play. The whole thing is whether I'm in shape or not." Stewart echoed basically the same sentiments. "Your mental attitude is the whole thing. If you don't think you can beat your opponent, you aren't going to beat them no matter what. There's no way in the world to win if you don't believe in yourself."

But attitudes, positive as they may be, can't do the whole job. David Pruzansky is a remarkably well-conditioned athlete. His 135 pounds are extremely well distributed over his 5-foot, 8-inch frame and in street clothes, he looks a bit on the thin side. Actually, he possesses an extremely well-developed torso and unusually strong forearms and wrists. When he speaks in the flat, almost nasal, tone of the native New Jerseyite, he tends to hunch his shoulders and lean forward, emphasizing his remarks with constant hand movement.

"The big advantage I have in judo and wrestling," he says, "is that there's nobody I've ever played who's in better shape than I am. Even if a player is better than me, if I can stay with him for the first two or three minutes, they'll usually tire out before I do."

But it's almost impossible to work or to go to school full time and still have the time and money to stay in that kind of shape. Pruzansky is lucky in that respect. "I'm a plant manager for a small company in New Jersey, T. R. Levine and Sons. I've got a good boss; he lets me off work when I'm in tournaments or go to training camps. In 1973, I was out of the country for over three months. Our president Stanley Levine is a big booster of mine. When I



Spectators at East Stroudburg College were treated to this classic Pruzansky score (above) during the '73 AAU wrestling nationals. This was the year in which he took both the AAU wrestling and judo championships. At right, Pruzansky's hand is raised to signal his gold medal victory at the 1969 Maccabiah games. His opponent in the photo is one of the Israelis later to be murdered in the 1972 Olympiade massacre.

wrestled the Russian Olympic champion in Madison Square Garden, he bought fifty tickets at eight dollars each and gave them out to friends."

Travel expense is another problem for most American athletes. Only a select few get to travel to all the major tournaments. Pruzansky, by virtue of representing the prestigious New York Athletic Club in two sports, gets to most of them. "My family sank a lot of money into travel until I went to college and then the college paid my expenses to the major contests. Now the New York Athletic Club pays my transportation. That's the only way I can stay in competition, otherwise, you have to be a millionaire to afford it. Eighty percent of the people who go to national competition have to pay their own way, so most of them can only go to one or two big tournaments a year. That's a shame."

Ironically, of all the things that could have kept Dave Pruzansky from regaining his two national titles in 1975, it was his first major injury in wrestling that did it. Typically, though, it hasn't dampened his spirit or determination to be back in competition as soon as possible.

"I still hope to play in the Pan-American championships in wrestling and I'll be back in judo in time for the 1976 Olympic Team trials."

Everything considered, don't be surprised if he does it. It'll be two or three months after surgery before he can use that leg which should give him ample time to train for the national arm wrestling title. Don't laugh – the thought has probably occurred to him.

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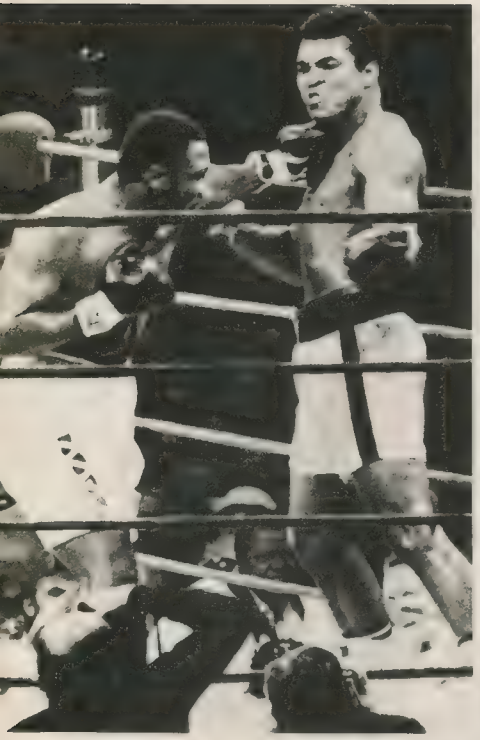
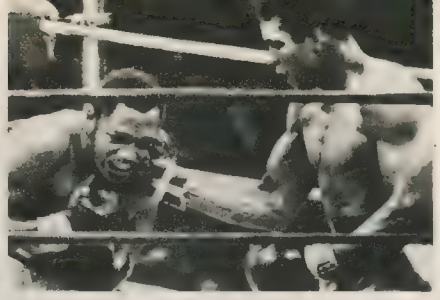
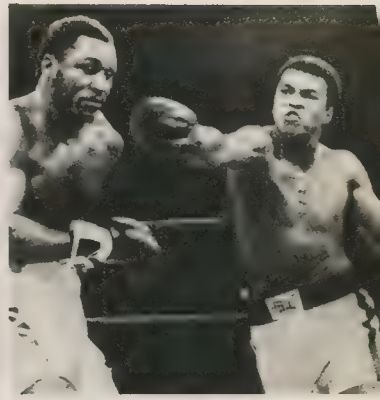






THE MAN BEHIND MUHAMMAD ALI

Before he is through, Herbert Muhammad stands to help his fighter earn $30 million

BY LEO NOONAN

When you mention the names of Jack Kearns, Cus D'Amato, Willie Ketchum or George Gainford, two words come to mind – title fights. One of these oldtimers, Ketchum, produced six fighters who won world championships. Another, Gainford, managed the man regarded as the greatest in history, Sugar Ray Robinson. Kearns almost was as widely known for his alleged crookedness as Jesse James was. Floyd Patterson's name scarcely ever appeared in newspapers without an allusion to D'Amato, whose reputation centered around his ability to get likable Floyd the easiest challenges.

Fittingly, the most mysterious and most popular athlete ever known to mankind is guided by a manager who is his opposite number in mystique. Herbert Muhammad, 46, prefers it that way

If you are an oldtimer you remember pictures of Dempsey and Kearns embracing. Ketchum never shied away from pictures and Gainford was not difficult to find. But in the eleven years of intimate relationship between Herbert Muhammad and Muhammad Ali, when was the last time you saw a photograph or newsreel of these two jovially celebrating? You are in the majority if you say, "Never." Few know what the squat, middle-aged Chicago businessman looks like. Even fewer know more about the man than his name.

"I don't let credit touch me," says Herbert pleasantly, if not immodestly. "When Muhammad embraces me and says, 'We have done it again,' that is my reward."

You often read about men who shun the spotlight – for awhile – then reluctantly accept it. Herbert Muhammad has had plenty of opportunities to step forward and share the sunshine with his fighter. He has always refused.

"I try not to let praise or blame touch me," Herbert Muhammad says. "If somebody blames me, they don't really know me. If they praise me, I cannot accept it because many people have been involved over the years in making Muhammad Ali a success – many people who I was not involved with. Therefore, I cannot accept it."

There are plenty of Jack Kearnses around today, even though the original has passed on. Fight managers are not considered paragons of virtue or integrity, even if this is a bad rap. There are still D'Amatos, handlers of delicate talents who milk promoters and fans with cinch challenges. There still are Gainfords, men who claim to have uniquely talented boys who will sweep out their division with one punch. There are still Ketchums, shrewd men who can bring several fighters to their peak at precisely the right time to win world titles.

But there never has been, nor is there ever likely to be, another Herbert Muhammad, a man who is more dedicated to religion – his religion Islamism, the Black Muslims – and, through that dedication and loyalty, to his fighter.

Herbert Muhammad has helped Ali earn 20 million dollars. He will probably add 10 million more to that before he is through. Herbert Muhammad says he is not a financial advisor. Herbert Muhammad says he is not a boxing scientist. But Herbert Muhammad does allow

"When Muhammad embraces me.... that is my reward."

himself this observation: "I have been more influential in his life than he has in mine."

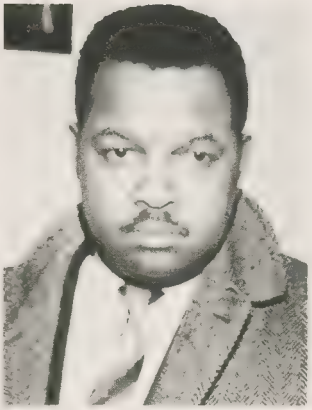
The son of the late Elijah Muhammad, founder of the Nation of Islam, makes it plain to even the thickest head around that he has not ridden the fighter's coattails to fame. "I had been around the world seven times before I met Muhammad Ali in 1964. My father had been invited to Nigeria, Ghana and Egypt. He wanted someone to escort him. I had met President Nassar of Egypt on two occasions. I owned my own house in Chicago. I was not hungry. I never had to take money because I was in a pinch. In that way, you see, Muhammad Ali was sure to have a manager who could bargain for him."

That is a magnificent understatement. The blend of Muhammad Ali's often-scorned fists and Herbert Muhammad's genius have combined to bring the fighter to a position unattained by any athlete: the most recognizable face anyone has achieved.

They met in 1964 when Herbert Muhammad, then 35, heard there was a fighter named Cassius Clay who attended meetings of his father's Nation of Islam teachings. At the time, Herbert Muhammad was operating the Star Studio and had developed a reputation as one of Chicago's leading portrait photographers. He was a lukewarm sports fan, but he did know who Clay was. The night of February 25, 1964, Herbert was in his studio when he heard that Clay had gotten something in his eye while trying to win the heavyweight championship from Sonny Liston in Miami Beach. "He was in trouble," Herbert recalls. "So I stopped developing pictures. I went into the darkroom and said my prayers for him. I prayed to Allah that he might win this fight. To protect Cassius Clay." With the praying finished, he telephoned his father. Elijah told his son that Clay already had adopted the Islam religion, that he already had changed his name to Muhammad Ali, but that he would not reveal it until after the fight.

The elder Muhammad cautioned Herbert not to fret, that the newly-christened Ali would win. Of course, he did.

The first formal meeting between the talkative new heavyweight champ and the studio owner happened in the spring of 1964 when the fighter came in for a portrait of himself. Shortly, they became good friends. Ali asked the Muslims to appoint Herbert Muhammad as his associate on a trip to Africa, and their relationship deepened.



His influence over the 22-year-old Kentuckian was gradual but steady. Brainwashed was a term commonly heard at the time. But Herbert Muhammad says it was a mutual feeling that grew between them.

At the time, Ali was being managed by 14 businessmen from his hometown of Louisville. Their contract did not run out until two and a half years after Ali won the championship. "Whenever they intended to do something," Herbert Muhammad recalls, "Ali would call me and ask if it was all right. Muhammad always has been like a disciple to me. I have been the one who teaches and instructs him on the path to God Allah. He has looked to me more for spiritual advice than advice on fights. Not just spiritually though, but overall.

"Two or three days before his fights, we will sit down together and talk about spiritual matters. He says that this gives him more incentive to win than the money, no matter how big the purses are."

The dealings with the Louisville Fourteen were cordial, Herbert Muhammad remembers. "They found out I was telling him what to do. They said, 'Well, he isn't going to do anything but what Herbert says, so why don't we talk to Herbert and let Herbert talk to him?' They started paying me 300 dollars a week to be a sort of liaison between them and Muhammad. When their contract ran out in October 1966, I went to Louisville. They had a nice farewell party. I always gave credit to this group because the system they set up, I try to follow to the letter. They were saving fifteen percent of Muhammad's income and putting it into a trust fund which he cannot touch until he is thirty-five years old. I think they figured it right to the date. He should stop fighting when he reaches thirty-five."

Which brings us to one of several disagreements that Muhammad the fighter and Muhammad the teacher have encountered. A week before his June defense against Joe Bugner, Ali, now 33, announced on a bright morning in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, "You can write, I'm gonna retire. This will be the last time you will see me fight. I'm ninety-nine percent sure I'm gonna retire," said Ali. "It's impossible to be with my family and do my religious work."

Obviously, he can serve his religion better by remaining actively in the limelight. And both of them know it. Besides, there are more goals to be attained.

"I am looking forward to the day," says Herbert Muhammad, "when he can donate his entire purse to charity. I would like for it to be here in Chicago, where he has so many fans. He has bought a home here. It probably would be sometime early in 1976, against someone like Foreman, Norton or Frazier, a strong opponent. They are the best three. I would hope that his purse would be more than four or five million dollars.

"With that kind of money, our specific goals would be to build a hospital here and also some larger schools."

Although there is no precept in his religion that orders him to maintain allegiance to Herbert Muhammad, this is exactly what's happened. "The bond between Ali and me is closer than any managerial bond," Herbert says. "We are like one, one person, one team with one goal. Islam brings us together as brothers, like no other faith can. I had total faith in my father. So did Ali."

The religion is the ideal for which Muhammad Ali risked a career, risked 20 million dollars, risked public acceptance, and which has, his mother admitted recently, caused an argument or two between herself and her son. This is not to say that Muhammad Ali is the most perfect man who ever has lived. It is to say that Ali appears to be one of the

"I am looking forward to the day when he can donate his entire purse to charity."

most dedicated. And loyal, adds Herbert Muhammad.

In the 15 years he has been fighting since the 1960 Olympic Games, Ali has had two bosses – the Louisville Fourteen and Herbert Muhammad.

"A lot of people have tried to break us up," says Herbert Muhammad. "You know, the guys who want quick money, get a piece of the champ and run. I can't estimate how many there have been. Some sincere, others not. Ali tells me he plays with them, lets them think he will go over to their side. But both of us regard our relationship as an unbreakable bond.

"I try not to deal in emotions. I am not an emotional man. He says he is most concerned when anyone tries to hurt me. I try to see what will happen before it occurs, and therefore avoid it. I am cautious. I won't let things disturb me. Whatever it is will be here after I am gone. So why worry?"

Herbert Muhammad probably would not approve of any description of himself as a manipulator. It has a nasty connotation. But in regard to Herbert Muhammad, it is not nasty. It is good. It is beneficial.

This portion of the story begins in 1966. Herbert Muhammad is talking of the Louisville Fourteen. "Never did I experience any resentment from them, even though they had had Ali from the beginning and I came along four years later. They tried to help me in any way they could. If I ever asked a question, they would tell me anything I wanted to know." During this get-acquainted period, a closed circuit television company representative came to Herbert and offered him $100,000 to convince Ali to sign exclusively with their firm. Instantly, Herbert's mind began clicking. The sound was like that of a cash register. It gave him an idea.

He brought in former NFL star Jim Brown, New York lawyer Bob Arum, and a businessman Mike Melas. The outfit was called Main Bout Inc. Herbert Muhammad took the plans to the Louisville Fourteen. "We would offer them the best deal the champion could get." From that moment, Ali virtually was guaranteed perpetual wealth.

When he became president of Main Bout Inc., Herbert says, "I learned what kind of money was out there." Up to that time, Ali's cut had been 25 to 35 percent of everything. Herbert began demanding half for Ali. "He is the one

taking the risk, he is the one jeopardizing everything. Why shouldn't he get the largest cut?" Ali had been getting 10 grand for training expenses. Suddenly, Herbert Muhammad started demanding and receiving five and 10 times that amount.

You might stop here for a moment and ask how much of this is inflation and the answer is only a small portion. Minuscule. Credit instead the genius of Herbert Muhammad. Maybe the money was there before he came along. But no one had asked for it, or come close to receiving it. Training expenses for last fall's bout with George Foreman came to a whopping $200,000. Fighters in other divisions defend their titles for infinitely less than that. In other words, if you are going to have a son, have a big one, not a featherweight or bantamweight.

Herbert adjusted the purses for the rest of the entourage. The Louisville Fourteen had been taking 40 percent and paying Ali's best-known and best respected second, trainer Angelo Dundee. Two or three fights after the Louisville Fourteen contract ran out, Herbert cut the take to 33-1/3, though he admits he was granted 40 percent for the Foreman fight, which broke down to about $900,000, not 40 percent of the $5 million Ali was guaranteed. Ali wound up with about $1.35 million.

But not surprisingly, Herbert Muhammad has had more than a religious or monetary interest. "Sports were a luxury when I was growing up on the South Side thirty years ago. When I was 20, it occurred to me that I would like to be a boxer. I went to Eddie Nichols' gym here. I started learning how to hit the speedbag, jump rope and other things. One morning, my father came out to the garage to see what the noise was. I had been pounding on a speed bag. He asked me, 'What are you doing?' I said, 'Trying to develop muscles and speed.' He told me to stop. He said I should be developing my mind instead of wasting time developing muscles and speed to hit somebody." A decade and a half passed before Herbert Muhammad was able to get back to his childhood love. "I may not have been an expert in the beginning, but I knew what was going on."

Herbert Muhammad spoke of the 1975 model of Muhammad Ali. "I do not approve of his rope-a-dope tactics," where Ali curls into a peekaboo stance and lies on the ropes. "I knew it was wrong. I told him it would not help his popularity. But he said he wanted to use it in the Chuck Wepner and Ron Lyle fights and I will tell you why. He has a big heart. He said he was trying to help the television advertisers to get back the money they had paid. I told him his primary responsibility was to the live crowd, to the people who had paid in Cleveland and Las Vegas to come and watch him. He said he would not do it anymore."

Thankfully, he has been true to his word thus far. In his recent bout with England's Joe Bugner, Ali included something new in his arsenal of gimmicks – the punch. Much of the reason (and thanks) lay with the influence of his personal manager.

In the 15-round knockout of Wepner last March, Herbert said referee Tony Perez should have warned Wepner about striking the champion behind the head and that Muhammad should not have retaliated in that manner. "Wepner fooled all of us," Herbert said. "We didn't think he could stay in there so long. He was strong. But he fought awful. I really didn't like that fight at all."

Herbert said that Ron Lyle should be grateful his match with Ali ended when it did in the 11th round, though many watching on home television complained that it was stopped prematurely. "Ali didn't want to hit him anymore once he had him hurt. I don't think

(Continued on Page 66)

CALENDER

OCT. 4—1ST NATIONAL INTER-COLLEGIATE KARATE-DOH CHAMPIONSHIP. College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Virginia. For information contact Hiroshi Hamada, P.O. Box 1191, Williamsburg, VA 23185. Ph: (804) 229-7938.

OCT. 4—NEKRA/RHODE ISLAND STATE KARATE CHAMPIONSHIPS. For information contact George Pesare, 450 Branch Ave., Providence, RI 02904. Ph: (401) 272-8929.

OCT. 4—SOUTHWEST PRO/AM KARATE CHAMPIONSHIPS. Municipal Auditorium, Austin, Texas. For information contact Joe Alvarado, 1234 S. Lamar, Austin, TX 78704. Ph: (512) 441-3216.

OCT. 4-5—3RD WORLD KARATE CHAMPIONSHIPS. Long Beach Arena. Long Beach, California. For information contact Caylor Adkins, 1342 Roycroft Ave., Long Beach, CA 90804, Ph: (213) 439-7604; or Jim Stevens, AAU House, 3400 W. 86th St., Indianapolis, IN 46268, Ph: (317) 297-2900.

*OCT. 5—GARY ALEXANDER'S LEGENDS OF KARATE SEMINAR/CLINIC.

OCT. 5—PENNSYLVANIA STATE PROFESSIONAL KARATE CHAMPIONSHIPS. New Kensington Valley High School. For information contact Frank Caliguri, 1606 5th Ave., Arnold, Pennsylvania, Ph: 335-9300; or 150 Main St., Butler, Pennsylvania, Ph: 285-4256.

OCT. 11—CALIFORNIA STATE PRO-AM KARATE CHAMPIONSHIPS. Richmond Civic Auditorium, Richmond, California. For information contact Leo Fong or Ron Marchini, P.O. Box 1961, Stockton, CA 95201, Ph: (209) 478-0371.

OCT. 11—EAST HARTFORD OPEN KARATE CHAMPIONSHIPS. East Hartford High School Gym, 777 Burnside Avenue, East Hartford, Connecticut. For information contact Ronald Nebert, 6 Foster Road, Southwick, MA 01077. Ph: (413) 569-5604.

OCT. 11—4TH U.S. INVITATIONAL KARATE CHAMPIONSHIPS. New Canaan High School Gym, New Canaan, Connecticut. For information contact Edward A. Brown, 29 Parade Hill Rd., New Canaan, CT 06840. Ph: (203) 966-3363.

OCT. 11—1975 ESK KARATE CHAMPIONSHIPS. Crestline High School, Crestline, Ohio. For information contact Dennis A. Engard, 627 Harding Way East, Galion, Ohio 44833. Ph: (419) 468-3807.

OCT. 11—2ND ANNUAL PAN AMERICAN PRO/AM KARATE CHAMPIONSHIP. For information contact Paul Contreras or Mike Sullenger, Pan American University, Building H, Edinburg, Texas. Ph: (512) 381-3101.

OCT. 12—8TH CANADIAN KARATE CHAMPIONSHIPS. Ottawa, Canada. For information contact Langelier Karate Dojo, 56A Rideau St., Ottawa, Ontario, Canada. Ph: (613) 234-5742.

OCT. 12—OHIO TRI-STATE KARATE CHAMPIONSHIPS. Dayton Convention Center, East 5th and South Main Streets, Dayton, Ohio. For information contact Bob Harris, 105 No. 2nd Street, Hamilton, Ohio 45011. Ph: (513) 895-6901.

OCT. 16-18—3RD BLACKBURN SCHOOL TANG SOO DO INVITATIONAL. Cordova Mall, Fort Walton Beach, Florida. For information contact Chuck Blackburn, Box 989, Fort Walton Beach, FL 32548. Ph: (904) 242-6524.

OCT. 18—ATLANTIC COAST KARATE CHAMPIONSHIPS. Ormo Middle School, Columbia, South Carolina. For information contact Ron Barkoot, 4330 Fort Jackson Blvd., Columbia, SC 29205. Ph: (803) 787-2500.

OCT. 18—BUTOKUKAI OF CANADA KARATE NATIONALS. Ontario. For information contact Don Warrener, 1109 Main St. E., Hamilton, Ontario, Canada. Ph: (416) 547-2785.

OCT. 18—1975 NATIONAL TAE KWON DO/KARATE CHAMPIONSHIPS. For information contact Ki Chon Choi, 2009 Blue Bird Dr., Huntsville, AL 35805. Ph: (205) 536-4600.

OCT. 18—1975 ACADEMY OF KARATE SCHOLARSHIP TOURNAMENT. Kennedy High School Gym, Waterbury, Connecticut. For information contact Mr. Robert E. Beaudoin, 323 Frost Rd., Waterbury, CT 06705.

OCT. 18—2ND ANNUAL PALMETTO KARATE CHAMPIONSHIPS. Charleston, South Carolina. For information contact Bob Walsh, 1865 Greenmore Dr., Charleston, SC 29407. Ph: (803) 571-2146.

OCT. 18—SEATTLE OPEN KARATE CHAMPIONSHIPS. The Seattle Arena, Seattle, Washington. For information contact Steve Armstrong, 5243 S. Tacoma Way, Tacoma, Washington. Ph: (206) 475-9200.

***OCT. 19—CALIFORNIA SUN ALL KATA KARATE.

****OCT. 19—GREATER MIDWEST SENIOR INVITATIONAL KARATE CHAMPIONSHIPS.

OCT. 25—5TH ANNUAL MID-AMERICAN KARATE CHAMPIONSHIPS. Upper Arlington High School Gym. For information contact Jay T. Will, 1335 W. 5th Ave., Columbus, OH 43212. Ph: (614) 486-8000.

OCT. 25—1975 ATLANTIC COAST KARATE DO CHAMPIONSHIP. Carroll Junior High School Gym, 4520 W. Six Forks Rd., Raleigh, North Carolina. For information contact Martial Arts Association, 3075 Hillsborough St., Raleigh, NC 27607. Ph: (919) 834-7660.

OCT. 25—1975 INTERNATIONAL UECHIRYU OPEN KARATE CHAMPIONSHIPS. For information contact Ted Kresge, 1950 16th St. North, St. Petersburg, FL 33704. Ph: (813) 822-4494.

OCT. 26—BOB MOORE'S AUTUMN KARATE INVITATIONAL TOURNAMENT. Montclair, New Jersey. For information contact FNSW-RLM Productions, P.O. Box 840, Montclair, NJ 07042.

OCT. 26—CLINIC AND SEMINAR ON KATA, KUMITE AND METHODOLOGY. Jaycee Community Center, 2405 Wade Ave., Raleigh, North Carolina. For information contact Martial Arts Association, 3015 Hillsborough St., Raleigh, NC 27607. Ph: (919) 834-7660.

OCT. 26—GARDEN STATE INVITATIONAL KARATE CHAMPIONSHIP. Trenton War Memorial Building, Trenton, New Jersey. For information contact Preston Carter, 620 W. State St., Trenton, NJ 08608. Ph: (609) 695-3736.

NOV. 1—1975 INTERNATIONAL WORLD OF SELF-DEFENSE. Ottawa Civic Centre, Ottawa, Ontario. For information contact Denis St. Jean, 158½ Rideau St., Ottawa, Ontario, Canada. Ph: (613) 233-2365.

NOV. 2—3RD ANNUAL MIDWEST KARATE OLYMPICS. Garfield High School Gym, Hamilton, Ohio. For information contact Bob Harris, Y.M.C.A., 105 N. 2nd St., Hamilton, OH 45011. Ph: (513) 895-6901.

NOV. 8—3RD ANNUAL FLOWER CITY OPEN. Dome Arena, Rochester, New York. For information contact Bill Cavalier, 8 Prince St., Rochester, New York. Ph: (716) 271-9826.

NOV. 8—VILLANOVA OPEN KARATE FEST. Villanova University Field House. For information contact Villanova Karate Club, Dept. of Social Action, Villanova, PA 19085, Ph: (215) 527-2100, Ext. 378; or Don Kennedy, Ph: (215) 494-1139.

NOV. 8—WESTERN KARATE CHAMPIONSHIPS. Richmond Civic Auditorium, Richmond, California. For information contact William Chun, 203 Pueblo, Vallejo, California.

NOV. 9—KICK CANCER BENEFIT KARATE TOURNAMENT. For information contact Gary D. Hershell, 1718 Navarre S.W., Canton, OH 44706. Ph: (216) 453-3285.

NOV. 10—11TH ANNUAL TEXAS STATE KARATE CHAMPIONSHIPS. Sheraton Hotel, Fort Worth, Texas. For information contact Pat Burleson, Ph: (817) 921-2171; or Billy Brammer, Ph: (817) 478-2496.

NOV. 14-16—3RD LATIN AMERICAN AND CARRIBEAN AND USA CHAMPIONSHIPS OF KARATE DO. San Salvador, El Salvador, Central America. For information contact Francisco Miranda, 10a Avenida Sur No. 624, San Salvador, El Salvador. Ph: 21-4773.

NOV. 15—5TH ANNUAL NORTH AMERICAN OPEN INTERNATIONAL KUNG FU KARATE CHAMPIONSHIPS. St. Joseph's Collegiate Institute, 845 Kenmore Ave., Buffalo, New York. For information contact Ting Fong Wong, 1082 Kenmore Ave., Buffalo, NY 14216. Ph: (716) 877-1156.

NOV. 15—7TH ANNUAL WESTERN STATES KARATE & KUNG FU CHAMPIONSHIPS. Exposition Center, Portland, Oregon. For information contact Bruce Terrill, 9212 S.E. Ramona Street, Portland, OR 97266. Ph: (503) 771-5114.

NOV. 15—3RD EASTERN U. S. INVITATIONAL TAE KWON DO CHAMPIONSHIP. Orange High School Gymnasium, Central Avenue and Lincoln Avenue, Orange, New Jersey. For information contact Ki-Chung Kum, 354 Main Street, Orange, NJ. Ph: (201) 675-8855.

NOV. 15—3RD ANNUAL JAPAN KARATE FEDERATION OPEN. Vance Junior High School Gym, Bristol, Tennessee. For information contact Ron Ervin, 523½ State St., Bristol, VA 24201. Ph: (703) 466-4481.

****NOV. 16—GREATER MIDWEST JUNIOR INVITATIONAL KARATE CHAMPIONSHIPS.

NOV 22—JUG-END RESORT 5TH ANNUAL INVITATIONAL TOURNAMENT. South Egremont, Massachusetts. For information contact H.A. Hamzy, 206 S. Main St., Torrington, CT 06790. Ph: (203) 489-9759.

NOV. 22—NORTHEAST JUNIOR KARATE CHAMPIONSHIPS. Plymouth, Massachusetts. For information contact Peter McRae, 1 Court St., Plymouth, MS 02360. Ph: (617) 544.

NOV. 22—2ND ANNUAL ELECTRIC CITY TOURNAMENT. Mount Pleasant High School Gym. For information contact Joseph Gordon, 718 Crane St., Schenectady, NY 12303. Ph: (518) 393-7367.

NOV. 22—SOUTHEAST COAST KARATE CHAMPIONSHIP. Cumberland County Memorial Auditorium, Hwy. 301 South, Fayetteville, North Carolina. For information contact Mr. Leon. Ph: (919) 488-7657 or James Williams. Ph: (919) 485-6079.

NOV. 30—BOB MOORE'S FALL KARATE INVITATIONAL TOURNAMENT. Montclair, New Jersey. For information contact FNSW-RLM Productions, P.O. Box 840, Montclair, NJ 07042.

NOV. 30—FALL FOUR SEASONS KARATE CHAMPIONSHIPS. Northwestern Jr. High School Gym, Battle Creek, Michigan. For information contact David Pessin, 37 Capital Ave. NE, Battle Creek, Michigan 49017. Ph: (616) 963-5969.

DEC. 6—ISLE OF MAN KARATE CHAMPIONSHIPS. For information contact F.N. Newton, 43 Silverburn, Ballasalla, Isle of Man, U.K.

****DEC. 7—GREATER MIDWEST SENIOR INVITATIONAL KARATE CHAMPIONSHIPS.

***DEC. 14—CALIFORNIA SUN ALL FREE-FIGHTING KARATE.

*DEC. 14—GARY ALEXANDER'S FALL INVITATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP.

DEC. 14—VINCENT FLORES 13TH INVITATIONAL PROMOTIONAL KARATE TOURNAMENT. For information contact Vincent Flores, 265 W. 23 St., New York City, New York. Ph: (212) 242-4700.

JAN. 25—BOB MOORE'S WINTER KARATE INVITATIONAL TOURNAMENT. Montclair, New Jersey. For information contact FNSW-RLM Productions, P.O. Box 840, Montclair, NJ 07042.

MAR. 6—S. HENRY CHO'S 12TH ANNUAL ALL-AMERICAN OPEN KARATE/TAE KWON DO/KUNG-FU CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENT. Felt Forum of Madison Square Garden, New York City, New York. For information contact S. Henry Cho, 315 7th Ave., New York City, NY 10001. Ph: (212) 675-8579.

APRIL 10—OFFICIAL BICENTENNIAL WORLD KARATE GAMES. Spectrum Arena, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. For information contact Richard Sand, 2506 Meredith St., Philadelphia, PA 19130.

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*For information contact Gary Alexander, Academy of Judo and Karate, 241 Plainfield Ave., Edison, NJ 08817. Ph: (201) 985-3434.

**For information contact Jim Bregman, P.O. Box 1973, Shreveport, LA 71120.

***All events to take place at Millikan High School, 2800 Snowden Ave., Long Beach, California. For information contact Doug Williams, Ph: (213) 421-7607.

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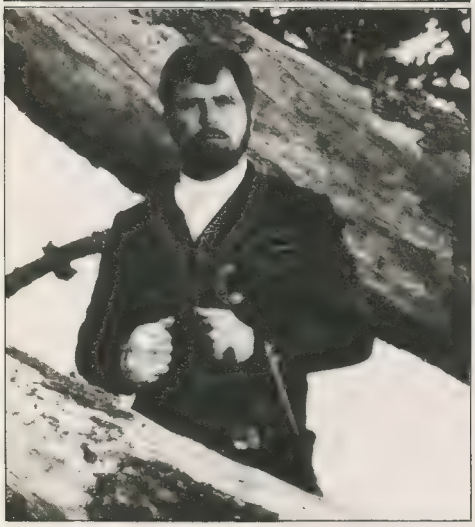

On the pages that follow, FIGHTING STARS is proud to present its continuing coverage of the entertainment world, reviewing films that borrow heavily from the fighting arts and featuring the people who make them. This section, along with the sections that feature personalities who make their bones in the ring, should give you a completely rounded picture of the people who qualify to be called "fighting stars."

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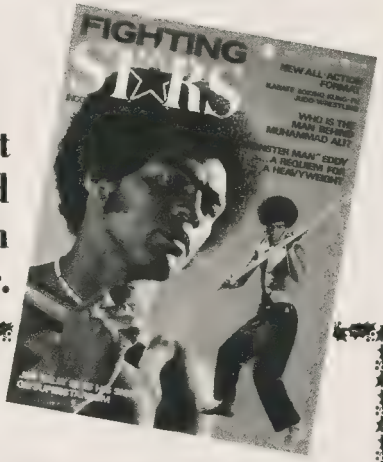

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Beating a path toward superstardom

Jim Kelly kicks his way into your heart — whether you like it or not. by Lou Gaul

"After this year, I will be the number one black star, and in three years, I'll be the number one world-wide box office champion – black or white."

One doesn't interview Jim Kelly – it's more like a confrontation with the writer firing questions and Kelly kicking and punching back answers.

Kelly is arrogant, charming, aggressive, witty and blunt – simultaneously. He knows his physical capabilities and is convinced that he'll become America's reigning motion picture star. Seemingly, he has the equipment to succeed with his plan. At six foot three inches and 180 pounds, Kelly possesses the physical appearance and bold good looks necessary to every champion of the masses. To improve his acting abilities, Kelly studied with hailed instructors Lee Strasberg and Estelle Harmon.

"I used karate as a stepping'stone to get on the screen. I used it to get in the front door, and now, I just get better in each film," Kelly boasts during an interview. The thespian discusses his physical abilities and claims he is "going to make one million dollars from karate movies and then get away from them." However, Kelly didn't say what kind of acting he'd attempt when the martial arts movies no longer satisfy him.

Kelly came to national prominence when he co-starred with Bruce Lee and John Saxon in *Enter the Dragon,* Hollywood's finest and most lavish karate film. It earned a fortune at the box office and secured Lee as a major force in world cinema. Most stars must work at their craft for years before getting a chance to perform on the screen, but Kelly used his physical prowess to jump over any artistic stumbling blocks.

Born in Paris, Kentucky and raised in San Diego, California, Kelly attended the University of Louisville on a football scholarship. During his time at that school, he also played basketball, baseball and track. According to Jim, he began studying the martial arts to stay in shape for football season. But his karate pursuits soon overshadowed his other physical efforts, and Jim opted to concentrate completely on karate.

In 1971, he won the International Middleweight Karate Championship and opened a "Kelly's Karate Studio" in Los Angeles.

While teaching and competing in the Los Angeles area, he met Hugh Robertson, a director who was preparing a semi-martial arts film entitled *Melinda.* The filmmaker asked Jim to serve as a technical advisor on the production and eventually gave him a small part in the film.

The *Melinda* role led to *Enter the Dragon,* in which Jim played Williams, a character who, along with Lee and Saxon, participated in a lethal tournament held on the deadly Han Island. It was all a front for a heroin and prostitution syndicate.

Although Kelly credits *Enter the Dragon* with propelling him into the public eye, he did complain about some aspects of the production. "I was killed within the first sixty minutes of *Enter the Dragon,* and I'm not very happy about that. John Saxon (who holds a brown belt in karate and t'ai chi chuan) was supposed to be killed according to the original script, but he had more screen credits than I did so he stayed alive." But his early demise in that movie really doesn't bother him because the entire production "belonged" to Bruce Lee.

"It was Bruce's movie, and he's going to look the best because he was the star. Lee even had his own stuntmen who knew exactly what to do when he threw a punch," Kelly explains, speaking with reverence about the style, grace and memory of Lee.

"Lee had an ego as big as Muhammad Ali's. Most people couldn't dig it, but I could appreciate what he had done for himself, his family and his people. Those Chinese (kung-fu) movies have done more (for the Chinese) than Henry Kissinger could ever do," Kelly opines.

Apparently, Warner Bros. liked Kel-

Photos by Ed Ikuta

ly's screen presence and signed him to headline his own martial arts film. The result was *Black Belt Jones*, a rather disappointing combination of karate and satire which was very similar to a comic book – filled with gaudy sets, overflowing with unbelievable action, spiced with cliches, completely ridiculous and ultimately harmless.

Director Robert Clouse, who did a superb job on *Enter the Dragon*, used

Kelly's physical talents to some degree in *Black Belt Jones*, but the film lacked excitement and cohesion.

But Kelly makes no pretenses about it. "I wasn't interested in a picture with a message – I just wanted to entertain people," he says. He still has one complaint – he staged all of the hand-to-hand bouts and received no screen credit. "It won't happen again!" he recalls angrily. "Now, it's in my contract that I get screen credit."

He also feels the film's stuntmen were "unqualified" for the arduous job. "I split one guy's skull and broke up another guy's face because they were unqualified to fight me. What I do on the screen is not realistic because I do the opposite for the camera of what I believe in. If people use what they see on the screen for street fights, they'll get killed," he warns.

After *Black Belt Jones* laid its egg at the box office, Jim had a small role in *Golden Needles*. He shrugs this one off, saying, "I play an antique shop owner and only have one fight over this acupuncture statue which people are chasing all over the world."

Following that, he signed with Jim Brown and Fred Williamson for *Three the Hard Way*. Despite the film's silly premise (a mad white man plans to wipe out all blacks by putting sickle-cell anemia in the water supply of three major cities), the action sequences work thanks to Kelly's savage karate techniques and superb timing. How was it working with two screen personalities who are rumored to have egos bigger than the Grand Canyon? Kelly recalls that he had no problems at all.

"People were afraid of the egos clashing, but they (Brown and Williamson) have the ego problems, not me. I learned a lot from them, but I don't want to mention what I learned.

"I don't want to be Jim Brown or Fred Williamson – I just want to be Jim Kelly and to get that FIRST black manly image on the screen that kids can identify with. Some cats go around saying, 'I'm the most beautiful guy in the world.' I don't have to do that."

When pressed for a definition of a "black manly image," Jim refuses to reply, noting that if he gave an answer for publication, "Then everyone would know."

Since his well-guarded secret of black machismo won't be revealed by his words, perhaps Kelly's deeds will give us all a clue. For instance, there's Jim's recent offer to fight Joe Frazier, former heavyweight champ of the world, in "a free-for-all kick boxing bout. His skill is just as deadly as mine," says Kelly, "but I'm a little more deadly."

Kelly has money, a promising career and no broken bones. Why did he challenge Frazier? "I think I'm the baddest dude in the world and no one can beat me. Ali is next. As a matter of fact, I could beat Frazier, Ali and George Foreman all in one night." He does concede, though, that he'd need at least a three minute rest period between each contender.

Despite his star status, Kelly says he still offers personalized lessons to special customers. "I get a minimum of $100 an hour to teach 'The Jim Kelly Method,' and I only teach guys who are black belts. I teach unorthodox karate combinations of all fighting methods. Belts don't mean a thing to me. I don't even wear my belt.

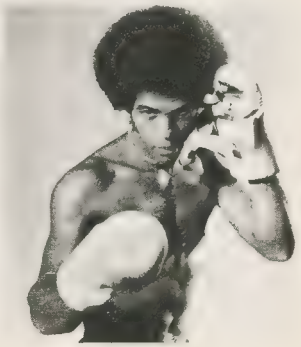
"Also, karate tournaments are a bunch of bull. They're all politics. A handful of non-blacks controlling the tournaments – cliques – judges dominated by cliques. I won the championship (the International Middleweight Karate Championship) because of my strong attitude. I just had to be so much better than the others that I couldn't be stopped. My attitude made the difference."

With his film status as a karate luminary, Kelly also has his share of female admirers, but he says that he gives them very little of his valuable time. "I discipline myself and play (with the opposite sex) only when I have time. I don't waste my time trying to wine and dine women. I have a girlfriend and that's all I need.

"I get fan mail, and I find that many of the girls enjoy my screen portrayals and the guys identify with me. My fans usually say they like my attitude, and of course, they like my karate. I've even had a few girls come and ask if they can marry me. I always say, 'Not right now.' "

Talking to Jim Kelly is an experience. It's still too early to forecast how successful Jim will become, but he will tell you that beyond a doubt, he's going to be the biggest superstar ever. And in his own words, he should be an original.

"I could count the number of movies I've been to in my lifetime on my fingers," Kelly reveals, "because I couldn't find anyone to identify with." Obviously, those days are now over for Jim Kelly. He's finally found the perfect identity figure – Jim Kelly.



FILMS

HOT POTATO

Readers have often written in to ask, "How are the karate pictures made? Is there some secret formula? How do 'they' get it all together enough to get it all up there on the screen?"

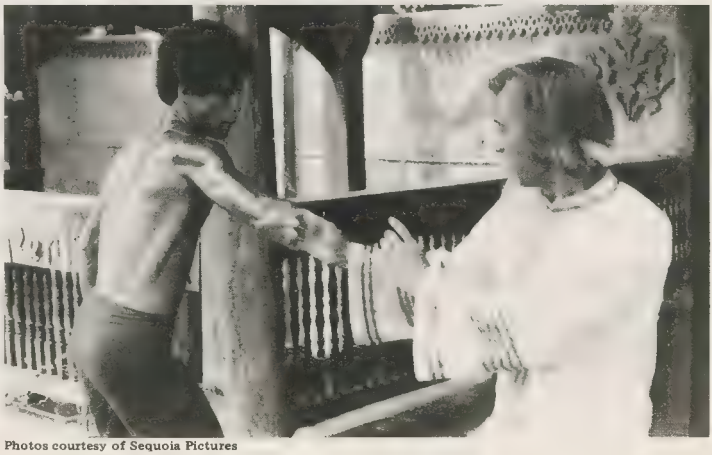
No producers have it figured out better than Fred Weintraub and Paul Heller. Among their many hits are *Enter The Dragon, Black Belt Jones, Golden Needles* and now, *Hot Potato*. Bruce Lee brought them a blockbuster at the box office with *Enter The Dragon*. His style and the formula of the kung-fu feature have been widely imitated for over two years. But in all of the above films a co-star was Jim Kelly, a karate star in his own right. His style, his approach to the karate film and his technique of fighting are his own. True, they show the influence of Lee; whose doesn't?

Well, to answer the readers' questions, here's how you bring in a karate movie. You get an ace martial arts choreographer, in this case black belt Pat Johnson, to stage the fight scenes. But please note that Jim Kelly did stage his own fights. You get Oscar Williams to write and direct. He did *Black Belt Jones*, and is himself a martial artist. And for good measure you go to some exotic and glamorous location in Asia, in this case Thailand. You have lots of action, suspense, kidnapings, double-crossings, ambushes, a real bad-assed dude to portray all the evil of the world, some well-meaning Americans stumbling around and the hero and his few stalwart friends overcoming thousands of obstacles. Throw in some sex scenes, or, the promise of a handy bed about to become actively utilitarian and start the cameras.

Kelly, still in his *Black Belt Jones* character, accomplishes a one-man karate victory over a band of kidnapers. He waits for his next assignment, watches his girl do a striptease in his car and then meets with the senator whose daughter has been kidnaped in far-off Thailand. So it's off to Bangkok for everyone. There's a double he rescues, then there are numerous fights, ambushes, a return to get the real daughter of the senator. And finally all is set to rights.

So that's that. Now let's all get back to work.

During a lull between scenes, Jim Kelly squats with Irene Tsu, planning their eventual escape from the jungles of Thailand (above). At left and below, Kelly deals out proper martial punishment to a heavy who had the nerve to contest him.



Photos courtesy of Sequoia Pictures

THE MASTER GUNFIGHTER

Tom Laughlin has established himself as an innovative and shrewd motion picture producer/director/-distributor/writer and star. His portrayal of Billy Jack in *Born Losers, Billy Jack* and *The Trial of Billy Jack* racked up box office records and made the character of Billy Jack something of a cult hero.

In his newest venture into filmmaking, Laughlin has taken the superb Japanese film *Goyokin*, about a master swordsman, and transplanted it to the early transitional period in California's history, when the culture was being changed from Spanish colonial to western American.

Goyokin was something of a put-down of the clan system. It was set in the Tokogawa period and dealt with the right of a clan to steal gold and plunder from the shogun's ships being lured to wreckage as warning signal fires were transferred from one promontory to another. The clan accomplishing this plunder murdered all the villagers. But one witness survived. She goes on to bring the master swordsman to set everything to rights.

Mr. Laughlin fashions his film around this plot—and the unsubstantiated legend of a six-chambered double action pistol that fires 12 bullets. Laughlin brings the pistol with him, along with his sister and a samurai sword. The two have been educated in England and the Orient. As the son of a Spanish don he sets upon a crusade of righting wrong and how the history of Early California might have been if it had been rendered by Tom Laughlin.

There is western heroic action, samurai swordsmanship and violence enough for every taste. It should make sweet music at the box office.

Gunplay is liberally interspersed with the sword and fist in this Taylor-Laughlin production. Below, Tom Laughlin fans his hammer to drop a would-be assassin in his tracks.

Against a blazing background, the head villain orders the destruction of a village and the murder of its inhabitants (left). The kidnaping of his sister (above) is what brings Tom Laughlin's vengeful spirit to the boiling point (below).

Photos courtesy of Billy Jack Productions

Photos courtest of Golden Harvest Productions

BRUCE LEE IS A HARD ACT TO FOLLOW

But Byong Yu sees bigger and better things for his Golden Harvest Productions

by Jim Hoffman

March, 1974. The Hong Kong offices and studios of Golden Harvest Productions have been gathering dust for almost a year. Although work was in progress in July, 1973, this great film factory has laid idle since Bruce Lee's death deprived it of its director, producer and main attraction. Now, the place has the look of a deserted house in a forgotten part of town.

The man chosen by Lee's surviving partners and friends to pick up the departed superstar's burden sits behind a desk. He has been sought because he is a seventh-degree black belt and a self-made millionaire with movie experience and business know-how. Several times, he refused their pleas that he re-animate the company. Now, after repeated blandishments, he has decided to try.

He is Byong Yong Yu, a man who has weathered many hardships – some self-inflicted – in his martial arts career. And today, he stands on the threshold of what may be his greatest personal achievement.

As producer, supervisor and star of future Golden Harvest films, Byong Yu is the man most likely to assume Bruce Lee's place. No one has had to tell him this. He has already begun to act and think like a man who may soon become *the* martial arts standard bearer in the West.

People have already started calling him "the second Bruce Lee." This annoys Byong Yu, a transplanted Korean who bears only a superficial resemblance to Lee. "I don't act like Bruce or talk like him," he says in imperfect English. "When I first took over the studio, the people said I was 'the second Bruce Lee' and it made me furious. Bruce Lee is gone. I don't know whether I can do as well as he did. But I am going to try to do more. Bruce didn't

With an expression obviously inspired by Bruce Lee, Byong Yong Yu disposes of one detractor in his Golden Harvest production, The Association.

live to do all he wanted. I want to do what he never got to."

Even though Bruce Lee ignited more interest in martial arts than anyone before or since, most of the public, Yu thinks, still sees martial arts in terms of violence and fighting, and not in terms of a discipline.

"American people have seen the violence, but not the culture and custom," he says. "Martial arts is more than beating people without reason. I want to show that martial arts is part of peace, love and truth."

To deliver this message, Yu will make use of several media in addition to the movies. His "Martial Arts Masters Expo," starring himself, weapons master Tadashi Yamashita and kata champion Eric Lee, has already begun what Yu hopes will become a coast-to-coast tour. He is considering publishing a monthly newsletter for his 2,000 students in the San Francisco Bay Area and plans to include a personal lecture on martial arts philosophy with each issue. Further down the road, there is the possibility of a television series, "if the movies are a success."

Fortunately, Byong Yu seems to be endowed with more than enough energy for this task. At 40, he has consistently defied time to stay one of the top fighters on the tournament circuit. As a showman, he displays the kind of exuberance more common among younger entertainers. His face and physique still radiate a youth and strength that many men half his age would envy.

"I know I'm going to try very hard," he says. "Even if I die the way Bruce did. I'm not worried about dying, but about how much I can really do to explain martial arts to the whole world. I am not trying to be a hero, but I am interested in pushing back the limits on just how much one man can do in the world."

Listening to him talk, one suspects that Byong Yu is possessed by the same spirit that drove Bruce Lee to work himself to death. But Yu has considered Lee's fate and intends to avoid it. "I am going to take better care of myself than Bruce did, so that I can stay longer in this world. Whether I work ten times harder or ten times less than Bruce, I will be trying as hard as I can to prove what I can do."

Byong Yu is no stranger to effort, and he is no stranger to failure, either. He did not begin life as a hard worker. The playboy son of a wealthy Korean industrialist, he never had to work for a living. Instead, he devoted most of his time to martial arts, earning a black belt in his native Korean tae kwon do at 17. But at age 32, when most men have already committed themselves to a set course for life, he abruptly spurned his father's fortune and left Korea for the United States. Here, he settled in Berkeley, studied at the University of California and did menial labor (the only kind available to immigrants who can't speak English) to support himself. In spite of troubles, illnesses and repeated pleas from his father in Korea, he never returned to his father's house, and he never accepted any money.

The $600 he used to found his first dojo was accumulated slowly and painfully. Today, he is a millionaire with five studios and 2,000 students. But the years between the first student and the first million did not consist solely of progress. On several occasions, he was wiped out, literally losing everything he had. Mostly, his mistakes came from business inexperience. In one case, he gave a friend a signed, blank check to cover what the friend said was for emergency medical bills. He never saw

the "friend," or his bank account, again. In another case, he allowed a man to accumulate a $28,000 debt for private karate lessons, and the man refused to pay. On another occasion, he trusted a business advisor with most of his life savings. The business advisor invested Byong Yu's money – in himself.

Somehow, Byong Yu has persevered. He consistently rebounded from failure and it bolstered a belief in his personal destiny. So far, events have sustained his belief. "Like Jesus, who lived to tell people about God, and who was a great salesman for that idea all over the world," he says, "I feel I am the martial arts salesman. I have survived my difficulties because of the inner strength I have from my training, and without martial arts, there would be no reason for me to stay in this world."

Byong Yu follows a schedule that has him shuttling back and forth every few months between filming in Hong Kong and supervising his other projects (including the five schools, which still get his personal attention) in the United States. In his first stint of filmmaking, he has finished one picture *The Association,* which has been released in Hong Kong. Shooting for another film *The Fighting Dragon,* has also been completed, and the film is now being processed.

The Association is a martial arts version of *Serpico,* set in the Orient. It stars Byong Yu as a detective working for a corrupt police force, which is in league with organized crime. Detective Yu tries to discover the reason for the gangland execution of his apprentice Angela Mao (who played Bruce Lee's sister in *Enter the Dragon*), and as he gets closer to the truth, he gets more and more pressure from his superiors to give up his investigations. Although he says he "didn't do such a good job" in this film, its release in Hong Kong was the occasion for notices hailing him as "the second Bruce Lee!"

So far, no date has been set for the release of *The Association* in the United States. The reason, Yu says, is that he and Warner Bros., the American distributor, are "waiting for the right time. Right now, all the karate movies are too cheap, too sloppy. People have an image that karate movies are dirty with unconvincing effects, too much blood and no real story. These movies aren't really giving people a true idea about the martial arts."

It was partly to change this image that Yu accepted the leadership of Golden Harvest Productions. "I have the authority to choose scripts for all the movies," he says. "And I am going to be sure that we have something different. I want people to know, when they see my movies, that the martial arts is more than blood. I want them to see that one of the most important things about the martial arts is not to use it the wrong way. Even more important than that, I want people to realize that the martial artist's foremost enemy – anyone's worst enemy – is himself, and that martial arts is about self-control and discipline."

Yu figures that, in about a year or so, people will have begun to forget the old image of karate movies and will be ready for his own, more expensive, more sophisticated version of the martial arts film. And when it comes, Byong Yu's worldwide martial arts campaign may resemble a religious revival. The martial arts, according to Yu, provides much that Western religions omit. "The martial arts is the strongest religion we can have," he maintains. "Churches talk a lot about the mental, the spiritual. But without the physical, you can do nothing. We can have it both ways. I believe God made man not just the smartest, but the strongest animal as well."

Although he has given his plans much thought, Byong Yu feels the present time is not exactly right for him to act. "Right now," he says, "I am still a beginner. I have had only six and a half years of experience in business. My friends say I have a red belt in business, and I should go for a black belt, but I still need to learn more – about business, about people."

While he waits for his time, Byong Yu has explored several businesses – restaurants and construction. He envisions these sidelines as ultimately contributing to the overall purpose of promoting martial arts. "Suppose I want to help a good man gain prominence. I will need money to do that. You can be good, but in this world you can't do anything without money."

If he wanted a shortcut, he could sell his share of $60 million worth of Korean industrial holdings he inherited when his father died last year. But he has no more intention of accepting his father's money now than he did when his father was alive. "I could take that money," he muses, "and live like a king or a playboy for twenty or thirty years. But I will not waste the money my father sweated and bled for. Maybe later, when I have proved myself, I will use it."

In the meantime, Byong Yu continues to make movies, tour the country as a fighter and showman and teach his 2,000 Bay Area students. He calls this activity "preparing my chance."

"Sometimes," he reflects, "you work hard, and people follow. Other times, you have to follow the people and give them what they want. Bruce Lee didn't follow the people; he led them, and that's what I'm looking for. I'm going to make my time strong, like Bruce Lee did. I'm not going to blow my chance. I know that very soon, my time is going to come. When it does, I will strike, all over the world. And all over the world, people will know that this isn't just hanky-panky or a business hype going on – they'll know it's the real martial arts." ☆

Byong Yu's Korean style of martial arts seems to have captured the imaginations of Hong Kong audiences, at least. Here, he demonstrates it in The Association, the Chinese answer to Serpico.

DIS(CONNECTION)
(Continued from Page 24)

work, he starts with the head-butting again. The crowd screams its indignation. Quarry gets in a left hook to the body and follows the shot into the ropes. Lee again slams his forehead repeatedly into the boxer, refusing to break. Finally he steps back and, incredulously, claims a low blow. Quarry connects with a left hook to the midsection, the fighters clinch again and Yong Tae Lee attempts a hip-throw takedown. When the Los Angeles karateka can't pull it off, he starts head-butting again.

Yamashita has made no effort to control the match. The fighters are on the ropes, Yong Tae Lee's back to the audience, and an incensed spectator deals a solid clout with a platform shoe to the karateka's back. It isn't a very smart maneuver -- he's knee-deep in karate uniforms at the time. The ringside karateka show a bit more class than Yong Tae Lee by simply asking the young man to desist while confining him without undue force.

Meanwhile, back in the ring, a head-butt worthy of the best bull in Mexico sends Mike Quarry through the ropes. The round ends in the bedlam of a crowd booing the karateka with a zest usually reserved for baseball umpires.

Quarry and his trainers are demanding the head-butting be eliminated. Yong Tae Lee is glowering at everybody. The ring announcer says the decision has been made (from whom, we will never know) to have two referees, one karateka, one boxing ref.

Yong Tae Lee stomps out of the ring -- in effect, saying if he can't use the head-butt, he won't fight. Quarry is standing in the corner, confused, while his supporters urge him to take off the gloves and go get Yong Tae Lee. The karateka, meanwhile, has asked his assistants to take the safety equipment from his feet. No one knows if he plans to return to the match without the gear, or if he is getting ready to split. Quarry and his ringside helpers are yelling about the removal of the equipment. The crowd is getting even rowdier.

The ring announcer takes it on himself to stop the fight. He puts the question of who won to the audience, which expresses its disgust with Yong Tae Lee's tactics by almost unanimous support of Mike Quarry. The karateka, now in a complete rage, caps his temper tantrum by slamming his forehead into a ring post and stalks out.

Members of the audience, convinced they had been ripped off, were either demanding their money back from the ring announcer -- Young Lee, sponsor of the event, was nowhere to be seen -- or walking away shaking their heads.

Karateka took the microphone and appeared to be issuing challenges to the audience -- appeared, because the Hofheinz Pavilion acoustics and the boos made any realistic interpretation of their words impossible.

Conclusions? First, karateka and boxers are trained and conditioned differently, compete under different rules and with different objectives in mind. Second, we still don't know whether or not Mike Quarry can box. Third, the much-publicized self-discipline of the martial arts master may be a myth, or at the very least at the mercy of the individual personalities involved. Fourth, it is quite probable that not very many of the discount tickets on the back of the program -- offering 20

(Continued on Page 66)

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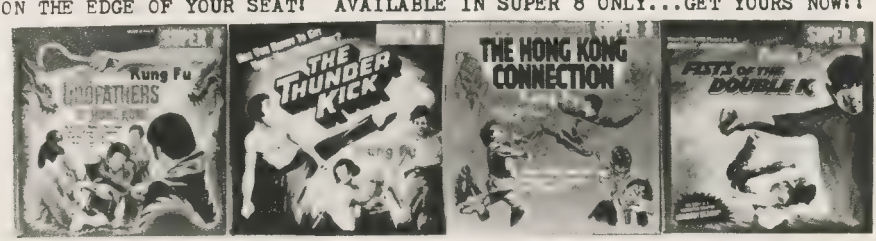

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OVERKILL

(Continued from Page 30)

them, to the ring. Wearing a green velvet robe, he climbed through the ropes into the ring, where Chacon was already standing, in red.

A roar came from the crowd when Olivares' name was announced. But at the announcement of Chacon, the roar was longer, and louder. The two fighters came to the center of the ring, heard the referee's instructions, touched gloves and went back to their corners.

And then it was time to finish what he had started. At the bell, Chacon came out dancing, moving loosely from side to side. He pawed Olivares with jabs, then threw a quick combination that landed to the head. Ruben clinched him, almost wrestling with him, to find out how strong Chacon was; he seemed quite strong. Olivares scored with a combination to the head, and hooks and uppercuts to the body. Chacon crowded him, and Olivares clinched again. Ruben continued to land punches to the body as the round ticked away, then with seconds left, Chacon threw a sweeping left hook that missed badly. Ruben had won the round. (Continued on Page 67)

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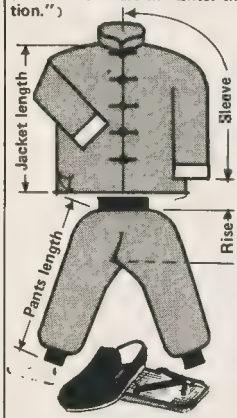

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DIS(CONNECTION)

(Continued from Page 64)

percent off on lessons at the Young Lee Karate School in Houston – were redeemed following the boxer-karateka bouts.

And finally, there's the question as to which is the best means of self defense, boxing or karate. On this night, under these rules, boxing came out ahead. But that doesn't really matter. In Houston, neither boxing nor karate nor judo nor kung-fu is the favored weapon.

The Saturday Night Special rules Houston. ☆

HUBERT MUHAMMAD

(Continued from Page 49)

much of a manager who lets his fighter get constantly pounded like that. No, I didn't like Ali using the rope-a-dope methods that night, either. Again, he said he was doing it so all the television commercials could get in. That that was why he predicted he would take out Lyle in the eighth round."

Predicting the round in which he will win is Ali's best known trademark.

"I don't like him making predictions like that," says Herbert Muhammad. "It gives the other fighter a reason to believe Ali will not try to whip him before that round. Meanwhile, they have ample chance to work on him."

That he has done it and gotten away with it in 47 of 49 fights is some kind of tribute.

In recent fights, Ali regularly has been in the 220s. "His best weight is 217 or 218," informs Herbert. "When he goes above that, I get nervous. When Ali is in shape, even if he is thirty-three years old, he can beat any man in the world. No exceptions. I always believed that he would beat Foreman."

It is logical that only an extraordinary man could be the propeller behind unique Ali's extraordinary success, which someday may be matched in dollars, but probably never again in acclaim. In the seven years since Muhammad Ali declined military induction, we often have been told that what the heavyweight division needs is new blood to spur fresh interest. Joe Frazier, who comes as close to defying personal criticism as any heavyweight champion of recent years, never approached the level Ali had attained. Then the new blood was George Foreman and his Ford-to-Cadillac story was recounted so many times during his brief reign that it became better known than the Nativity Scene. Yet, on the night Ali won back the title from Foreman last October, closed circuit houses all around the country sounded like houses of worship, worship so fanatical that unless experienced, it would be impossible to digest. When Ali's hand was raised that early morning in Africa, it was as if the good had conquered the bad, although until that moment, Foreman seldom had been scorned by those in the fight game.

And from his comfortable and richly-deserved perch in Chicago, Herbert Muhammad, who was of equally humble beginnings, sits back and quietly drinks it all in.

The man who says, "I advise him, I do not order him," now may stand and take a bow.

He never wanted this. But it is time to take credit. ☆

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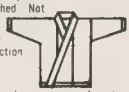

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OVERKILL

(Continued from Page 65)

Chacon came out for Round Two loosening his arms, swiveling his head and jabbing with his left. Olivares fought out of a crouch, his gloves held close to his head, hooking to the body. Then he threw a left-right-left combination to Chacon's head, and Bobby went down. The fans jumped up from their seats, and those already standing leapt into the air, spilling beer and hollering, as Chacon got to his feet by the count of five. Ruben came out of his corner toward Chacon and unloaded a barrage of left hooks, uppercuts and right crosses that dropped Chacon for the second time.

The crowd was screaming now, as they sensed that the fight was nearing its end. Ruben crossed the ring to Chacon, again got him up against the ropes and began pounding away. Some of the fans yelled for the fight to be stopped. Referee Larry Rozadilla crouched toward Chacon, who stood with his gloves covering his face, and shouted, "C'mon, Bobby, fight him!" Then he stepped between the fighters.

And just like that, it was over. A mass of cheering people carried the little man with the golden-toothed smile up the aisle on their shoulders. Those standing nearby shouted and reached out to touch him as he rode by, waving his fist in the air, while the crowd rocked the arena with the chant, "Roo-Ben! Roo-Ben! Roo-Ben!"

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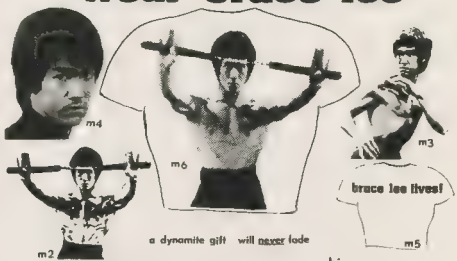

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REACTION

(Continued from Page 10)

print it. In answer to your second question, yes, that was Malia Dacascos. She had come to Warners to watch her husband audition for the part. Ed.

★In the February, 1975 issue of your magazine, David Chu told an anti-Chinese fan just what he thought of him. I obviously stand with Mr. Chu against such people, who have the nerve to say Wang Yu is a fraud. I personally think that Wang Yu deserves to be crowned as the "King of Kung-Fu."

I also agree with another of your readers that Jim Kelly could never play the part of Bruce Lee. *Black Belt Jones* is banned here, and I am glad of it. I didn't even want to see him in *Golden Needles.*

Shouket Gaffoor
Cape Town, South Africa

Reading over the February '75 issue of FIGHTING STARS, I am disgusted by many of the comments made about Jim Kelly in the letter section.

Let's get this Lee-Kelly thing settled once and for all. Jim Kelly is cashing in on Bruce Lee's death. Now that Bruce is gone, Kelly is trying to cash in on his fighting style, imitating Lee's facial expressions and making an idiot of himself in the process. There are two ways of looking at this; either that Kelly is disgracing one of the trademarks of the greatest martial artist of all time, or Kelly's imitation should be taken as a joke, and simply laughed at.

David Vockeroth
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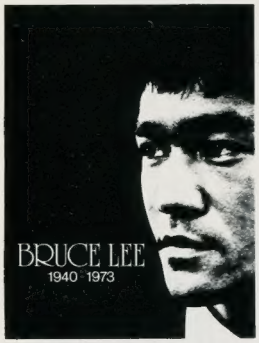

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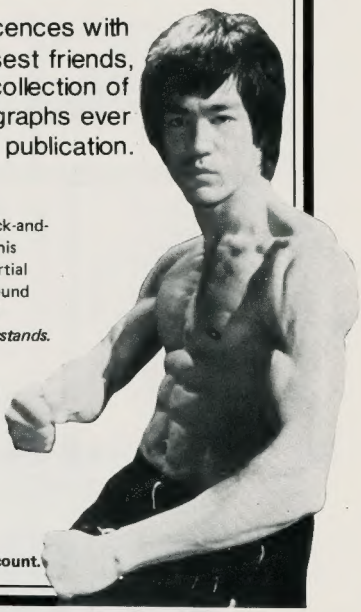

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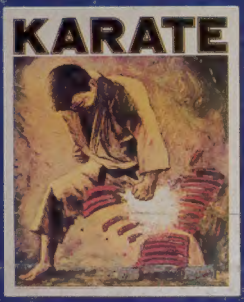

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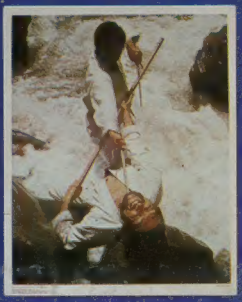

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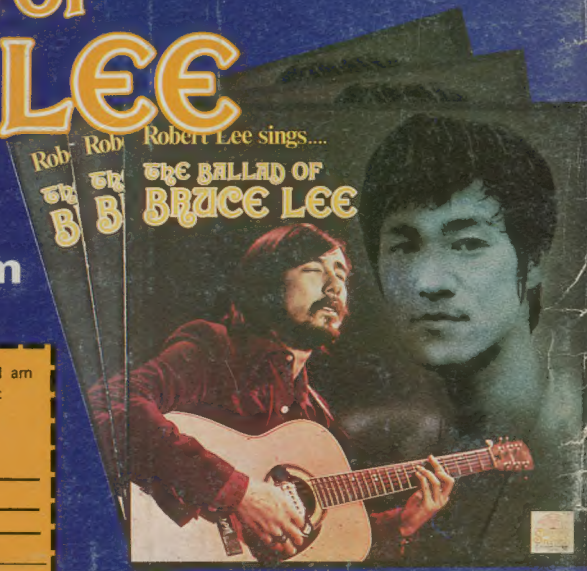

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